War with the Devil:
OR, THE
Young MANS Conflict
WITH THE
Powers of Darkneſs,
In a Dialogue

Diſcovering the Corruption and Vanity of Youth, the Horrible Nature of Sin, and Deplorable Condition of Fallen Man.

Alſo, a Definition, Power, and Rule of *Conſcience*, and the Nature of true *Converſion*.

To which is Added,

An Appendix, containing a *Dialogue* between an Old *Apoſtate*, and a Young *Profeſſor*.

Worthy the Peruſal of all, but chiefly intended for the Inſtruction of the Younger ſort.

The Sixth Impreſſion

By *B. K.*

Pſal. 119. v. 9. *Wherewithal ſhall a Young-man cleanſe his Way? By taking heed thereto according to thy Word.*

Licenſed and Entred according to Order.

London Printed, for *Benjamin Harris*, and are to be Sold at his Shop at the *Stationers Arms*, in the *Piazza* of the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*, 1680.

JAMES MILES,
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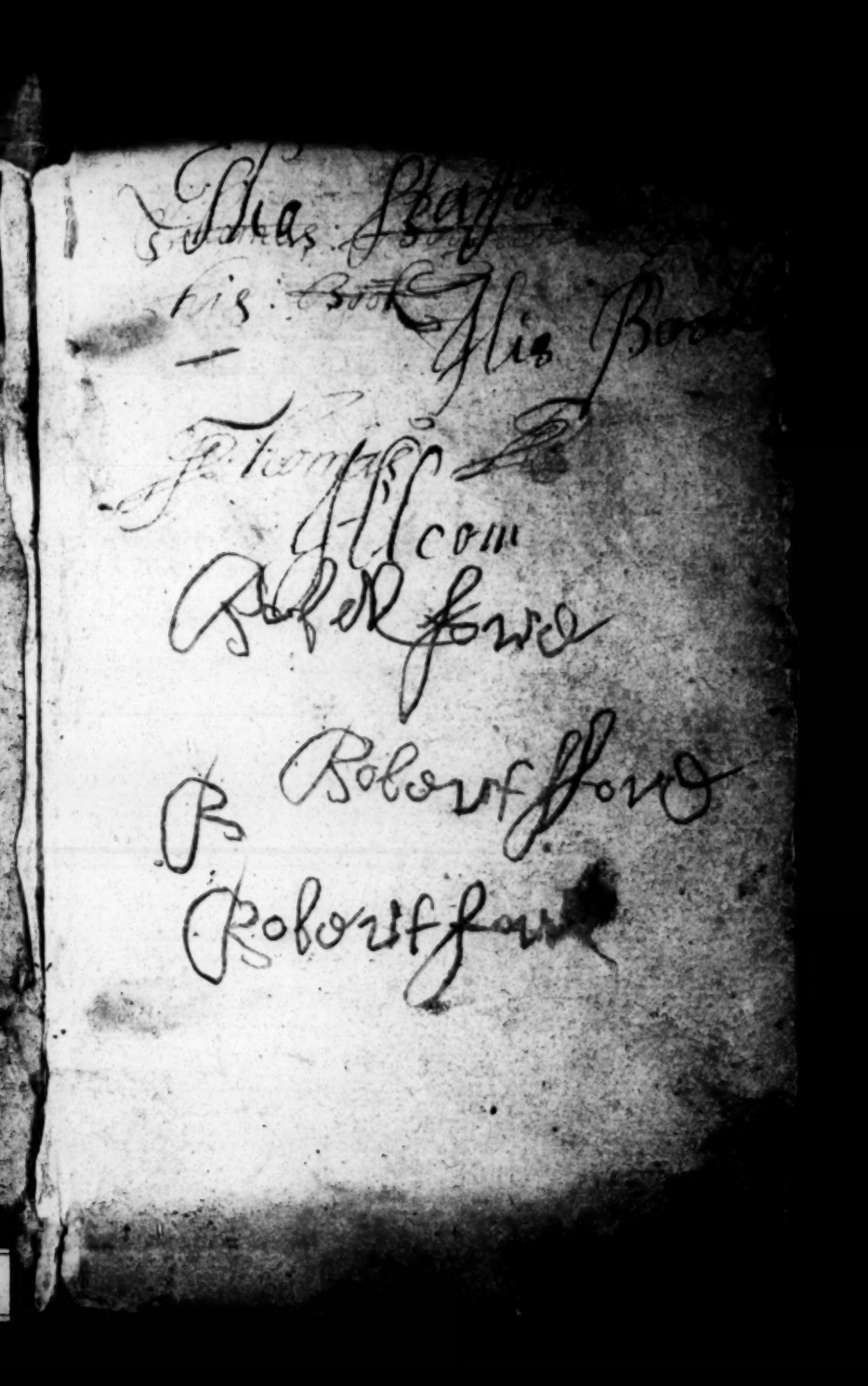

Mrs Millicent Hallkner

thou ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ fom

fade those words to mee

RB.23.a.63

Susanna Smith.

Keach's
War
&c

Baptist poem
See DNB

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Imprimatur *Hic liber Cui Titulus* War with the Devil, *Anto. Saunders Ex. Ædibus Lambethanis.*

Sep. 25. 1673

By a Friend, in Commendation of theſe Poems.

My Muſe is dull, although I have a will
This Book for to commend I want the skill.
I know not how its worth for to declare,
Few *Poems* may, doubtleſs, with it compare;
Nor for rare elegant Scholaſtick ſtrains,
Which flow alone from thoſe quick witted brains,
Who with their Rhetorick and curious Art
Strive to affect the Fancy, not the Heart.
This *Treatiſe* read (kind friend) and thou ſhalt ſee.
'Tis chiefly fill'd with choiſe Divinity.
The Author ſoars on high, his main deſign
Is to inſtruct that precious Soul of thine
I'th path Cæleſtial, ſhewes thee very plain
How thou in Chriſt an int'reſt may'ſt obtain.
Or, if in Chriſt thy ſoul has got a place,
He to thy joy ſhews forth thy happy caſe,
This *Poem's* like a meſſenger ſent forth,
To give a viſit to the drowzy Earth;
The ſluggiſh Soul it ſtrives for to awake,
Before it drops into the Fiery Lake.
There's very few upon the Earth do live,
But might from hence ſome benefit receive.

For though it is brought forth in this our Clime,
Yet 'twill agree with every place and time.
Its Meſſage is of ſuch a large extent,
It may in truth to all the World be ſent:
To *Male* and *Female*, low and high degree,
He ſpeaks a word to *bond* as well as *free*.
All, in whom Conſcience dwells, he lets them ſee
Conſciences great pow'r and Authority.
When Heav'ns hot thunder-bolts with fire & hail
Made *Ægypts* mighty Monarch's courage fail;
Conſcience ſtept in, made him cry out amain,
The Lord is juſt; I, and my wicked train
Have ſinn'd: Yea, Conſcience alſo brings
Saul Son of *Kiſh*, the firſt of *Iſrael's* Kings,
Before the Prophet humbly to confeſs
That he had ſinn'd, and acted wickedneſs.
Conſcience made *David* to cry out amain,
'Tis I have ſinn'd: *I have* Uriah *ſlain*.
Though *David* ſlew a Lyon and a Bear,
And did not the great Gyants courage fear;
Yet Conſcience made him ſtoop and tremble too:
And more this you'l find Conſcience can do.
Here's Counſel for Profeſſors and Profane,
Chooſe, or refuſe, here's loſs and alſo gain.
One Reaſon, *Reader*, of this Mode or Style,
Is that it might with honeſt craft beguile
Such curious Fancies who had rather chuſe
To read ten lines in Verſe, than one in Proſe,
And as the nimble Fly, that lightly ſprings
Againſt the Flame, until ſhe burns her wings,

Is

Is taken Captive with that ſulph'rous flame,
With which ſhe only ſought to ſport and game:
So whilſt thoſe curious fancies think to play
With this ſmall piece, 'twill, ſecretly betray
Them to their conſcience, and if Conſcience ſend
Them to God's Word, the *Author* has his end.
Provided that unto the ſame they yield,
And Grace and Conſcience do obtain the field.

Farewel

W. B.

To the Reader; in Vindication of this Book.

ONe or two lines to thee I'le here commend,
This honeſt POEM briefly to defend
From Calumny, becauſe that at this day,
All Poetry there's many do gain-ſay,
And very much condemn, as if the ſame,
Did worthily deſerve reproach and blame.
If any Book in Verſe, they chance to ſpy,
Away Prophane, they preſently do cry:
But though this kind of Writing ſome diſpraiſe,
Sith Men ſo captious are in theſe our dayes;
Yet I dare ſay, how e're this ſcruple roſe,
Verſe hath expreſs'd as ſacred things as Proſe.
Though ſome there be, that Poetry abuſe,
Muſt we therefore, not the ſame method uſe?
Yea ſure, for of my Conſcience 'tis the beſt,
And doth deſerve more honour than the reſt:
For 'tis no humane knowledge gain'd by Art,
But rather 'tis inſpir'd into the Heart
By Divine means, for true Divinity
Hath with this Science great Affinity:
Though ſome, through Ignorance, do it oppoſe,
Many do it eſteem, far more than Proſe:
And find alſo that unto them it brings
Content, and hath been the delight of Kings.
David, although a King, yet was a Poet,
And Solomon alſo, the Scriptures ſhow it,
Then what if for all this ſome ſhould abaſe it?
I'me apt to think the Angels do embrace it
And though God giv't here but in part to ſome.
Saints ſhall hav't perfect in the World to come.

E. B.

Youth in his unconverted State.

Youth.

THE Naturaliſts *moſt aptly do compare*
My age unto the Spring, whoſe beauty's rare.
When Sprightly Sol *enters the golden Sign,*
Which is call'd Aries, *his glorious ſhine*
And ſplendent Rays do cauſe the earth to ſpring,
And Trees to bud, and quicken every thing.
All plants and Herbs and Flowers then do flouriſh;
The graſs doth ſprout, the tender lambs to nouriſh,
Thoſe things in Winter that ſeem'd to be dead,
Do now riſe up and briskly ſhew their Head.
And do obtain a Natural Reſurrection,
By his hot Beams and powerful Reflection.
How in the pleaſant fruitful Month of May,
Are Meadows clad with flowers rich and gay;
And all Earth's Globe adorn'd, in garments green,
Mix'd with rare yellow, Crown'd like to a Queen:
The Primroſe, Cowſlip, and the Violet,
Are curiouſly with other Flowers ſet.

And chirping Birds with their melodious ſounds
Delight Mans heart, whoſe pleaſure now abounds,
The Winter's paſt, with ſtormy Snow and Rain,
And long 'twill be e're ſuch things come again;
Nothing but joy and ſweet delights appear,
Whilſt doth abide the Spring-time of the year.
Thus 'tis with me who am now in my prime,
In merriment and joy I ſpend my time;
And like as Birds do in the lovely Spring,
I ſo rejoyce with my Conſorts and Sing,
And ſpend my dayes in ſweet paſtime and mirth,
And nought ſhall grieve, or trouble me on Earth:
I am reſolv'd to ſearch the World about,
But I will ſuck the ſweetneſs of it out.
No ſtone I'le leave unturn'd, that I may find
Content and joy, unto my craving mind:
No ſorrow ſhall, whilſt I do live, come near me;
Nor ſhall the Preacher with his Fancies fear me;
At Cards and Dice, and ſuch brave Games I'le play,
And like a Courtier, deck my ſelf moſt gay;
With Periwig, and Muff, and ſuch fine things,
With Sword and Belt, Goloſhoos, and Gold-rings,
Where Bulls and Bears they bait, and Cocks do fight
I do reſort with ſpeed, There's my delight.
To drink and ſport amongſt the jovial crew
I do reſolve, whatever doth enſue:
And court fair Ladies, that I alſo love.
And of all things do very well approve,
Which tend my ſenſual part to ſatisfie,
From whence comes all my choice felicity.

What

What e're mine Ears do hear, and Eyes behold,
Or Heart deſire, if ſo that all my Gold
And Silver can for me thoſe things procure,
I'le ſpare no coſt, nor pains, you may be ſure.
Thus is my Life made very ſweet to me,
VVhilſt others hurri'd are in miſery;
Whoſe mindes with ſtrange conceits troubled remain,
Thinking by loſing all, that way to gain.
Such Riddles I can't learn, I muſt them leave,
VVhat's ſeen and felt I am reſolv'd to have,
Let ev'ry Man his mind and fancy fill,
My Luſt I'le ſatisfie, and have my will,
VVho dares controul me in my preſent way,
Or vex my mind i'th leaſt, or me gain-ſay?
VVhat ſtate of Life can equal this of mine?
Youths gallantry ſo bravely here doth ſhine.

Conſcience

Controul you, Sir! in truth, and that dare I,
For your contempt of my Authority.
You tread on me without the leaſt regard,
As if I worthy were not to be heard;
You ſtrive to ſtiffle me, and therefore I
Am forc'd aloud, *Murder*, with ſpeed to cry:
I can't forbear but muſt cry out amain,
Such is the wrong which from you I ſuſtain.

Youth.

What are you, Sir, you dare to be so bold?
I scorn by any He, to be controul'd.
E're I have done with you, I'le make you know,
You shall your power and commission show.

Conscience.

Be not so hot, and you shall know my Name
And also learn from whence my power came.
I'm no Usurper, yet I do Command
You for to stop and make a present stand.
Your pleasures you must leave, and Vitious Life,
Else there will grow a very bitter strife
,Tween you and I, as will appear anon,
If from these Courses you don't quickly turn.
For all your courage which you seem to take,
The news *I* bring's enough to make you quake.

Youth.

Who e're thou art, *I'*le make you by and by
Confess you have accus'd me wrongfully.
From Murder *I* am clear, in thought and deed,
Thus to be charg'd, doth cause my heart to bleed;
Pray

Pray let me crave your Name, if you are free,
If you provoke me worſe 'twil quickly be,
You ſeek occaſion, and are quarelſome,
And therefore tis, I do ſuppoſe you're come.
But if your Name you don't declare to me,
I am reſolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.

Conſcience.

What violence (alas!) can you do more,
Than that which you have done to me before?
Forbear your threats, be ſtill and hold your hand,
And quickly you ſhall know and underſtand
My Name, my Power, and place of Reſidence,
Which may to you prove of great conſequence.
I am a Servant to a Mighty King,
Who Rules, and Reigns, and Governs every thing;
Who keeps one Court above, and here below
Another he doth keep, as you ſhall know;
O're this inferiour Court placed am *I*,
To Act and do, as his great Deputy.
I truly Judge, according to my Light,
Yea, and impartially do each Man right.
Thoſe *I* condemn who vile and guilty are,
And juſtifie the Holy and Sincere.
I order'd am to watch continually,
O're all your actions with a wary Eye:
And *I* have found how you have of late time
Committed many a bold and horrid Crime,

Of

Of Murder, Treaſon, and like Villany,
Againſt the Crown and glorious Dignity
Of that great Prince from whence you have your breath
Who's King & Ruler, over all the Earth.
I am his Judge, Attourney-General,
And have Commiſſion alſo, you to call.
Unto the Barr, and make you to confeſs
Your horrid Crimes and fearful guiltineſs.
A black Inditement I have drawn in truth,
Againſt thy ſelf, thou miſerable youth;
Thy Pride I ſhall abate, thy pleaſure mar,
And bring thee to confeſs with tears, at Barr,
Thy ſports and Games, and youthful Luſt to be
Nought elſe but ſin, and curſed Vanity.
And for to put thee alſo out of doubt,
My Name is *Conſcience* which you bear about;
No other than th' accuſing faculty
Of that dear Soul which in thy breaſt doth lye:
I by that Rule Mens thoughts and ways compare,
By which there inward parts enlightned are;
And as they do accord, or diſagree,
I do accuſe, or Clear immediately,
According to your Light you do not live,
But violate that Rule which God doth give
To you, to ſquare your Life and Actions by;
From hence comes in your woe and miſery.

Youth.

Conſcience art thou? why did'ſt not ſpeake're now?
To mind what thou doſt ſay I can't tell how.
Thou melancholly Fancy, fly from me,
My Pleaſure I'le not leave in ſpight of thee.
Other brave Gueſts, you ſee, to me are come,
And in my Houſe for thee there is no room.
Doſt think I will be check'd by ſilly thought,
And into ſnares my foolliſh Fancy brought?
Is't you which cry out *Murther*, only you?
A Fig (alas!) for all that you can do.
For though againſt me you do prate and preach,
Your very Neck I am reſolv'd to ſtretch.
I'le ſwear, carouſe, and whore, ſay what you will.
Till *I* have ſtiffled you, and made you ſtill.
I'le clip your Wings, and make you ſee at length,
I do know how to ſpoyl you of your ſtrength.
When you do ſpeak, *I* will not lend an ear;
I'le make (in truth) as if *I* did not hear.
*I*f you ſpeak loud when *I* am all alone,
I will riſe up, and ſtraightway will be gone
To the brave Boyes who toſs the Pot about;
And that's the way to wear your patience out.
I'le go to Playes, aand Games, and Dancings too,
And e're a while, *I* ſhall be rid of you.

Conſcience.

Thou ſtubborn fooliſh Youth, be not ſo raſh,
Leſt e're you be aware you feel my laſh.
I have a ſting, a whip, yea and can bite,
Before you ſhall o'recome, I'le ſtoutly fight:
I'le gripe you ſore, and make you howl anon,
If you reſolve in ſin ſtill to go on.
I have o'recome ſtrong hearts & made them yield,
And ſo ſhall you before I quit the field,
Go where you will, be ſure I'le ſoon come after,
And into ſorrow, will I turn your laughter.
'Twill prove hard work for you to ſhake me off,
Though you at me do ſeem to jear and ſcoff,
As if o're you I had no Juriſdiction,
Or was a Dream, a Fancy, or ſome Fiction:
For all your Wrath, I muſt you yet diſturb,
Though you offended are, I can't but curb
And ſnib you daily, as I oft have done,
Til you repent, and from lewd courſes turn:
For, till the Cauſe be taken quite away,
Th'Effect will follow what e're you do ſay:
Unleſs your Light wholly extinguiſh'd be,
If ſin remains diſturbance you will ſee.
Therefore I do beſeech you ſoberly
For to ſubmit to my authority,
Obey my Voice, I prithee make a tryal,
Before you give another flat denyal.
If more ſweet comfort I don't yield to you,
Than all which doth from ſinful actions flow,

Then

Then me reject; but otherwiſe, my Friend,
My Checks receive, and to my motions bend.
Get peace within what ever thou doſt do,
And let vain pleaſures and corruptions go;
That will be better for thy ſoul at laſt,
Than Gold or *Silver*, or what elſe thou haſt:
And ſince we are alone, let thee and *I*
More mildly talk about Supremacy.
Is't beſt for you that pride and Folly reign,
Which nought doth bring ſave ſorrow, ſhame and pain,
And Conſcience to reject, who perfectly
From guilt and bondage ſtrive to ſet you free?
Have not theſe luſts by which thou now art led,
Brought many a man unto a piece of Bread?
What brave Eſtates have ſome conſum'd thereby
And now are forc'd in Barns on Straw to lye?
How has the wife been ruin'd with the Child,
Beſides poor Conſcience grievouſly turmoyl'd?
Nay, once again, give ear, I prithee hark;
Han't many a brave and curious Spark
Been brought in ſtinking Priſons there to lye,
For yielding to their Lust and Vanity?
How many ſwing at *Tyburn* every year,
For ſtabbing Conſcience without care or fear?
And ſome alſo out of their wits do run,
And by that means are utterly undone:
Some men ſo ſtiffle me, I cannot ſpeak,
And then they ſport and play, and merry make,
Reſolving that I ſhall not gripe them more,
But quickly then afreſh I make them roar.

Some

Some of them I do drive into deſpair.
When in their face I do begin to ſtare,
No reſt nor peace at all their Souls can find,
I ſo diſturb and ſtill perplex their mind.
What ſay you now, young-man, will you ſubmit?
Weigh well the danger, and the benefit.
The danger on the one hand will be great,
If me you do oppoſe, and ill intreat.
Sweet profit comes, you ſee, on th' other hand
To ſuch who ſubject are to my command.
What doſt thou ſay; ſhall I embraced be?
Or, wilt thou follow ſtill thy Vanity?

Youth.

Was ever young-man thus perplex'd as I,
Who flouriſhed in ſweet proſperity?
Where e're I go, *Conſcience* dogs me about,
No quiet I can have, in doors nor out.
Conſcience, what is the cauſe you make ſuch ſtrife,
I can't enjoy the comforts of my Life?
I am ſo grip'd, and pinched in my breaſt,
I know not where to go, nor where to reſt.

Conſcience.

'Cauſe you have wronged and offended me,
Loving vain Pleaſures, and Iniquity.
The Light you have, you walk not up unto;
You know 'tis evil which you daily do.
My witneſs I muſt bear continually
For the great God, whoſe glorious Majeſty,

Did

Did in thy Soul g've me ſo high a place,
As for to ſtop you in your ſinful race;
I muſt reprove, accuſe, and you condemn,
Whilſt you by ſin, His Sov'raingty contemn:
I can't betray my truſt, nor hold my peace,
Till I am ſtabbed, ſear'd, or Light doth ceaſe;
Till you your life amend, and ſins forſake,
I ſhall purſue you, though your heart doth ake.

Youth.

How bold and malapert is Conſcience *grown!*
Though I upon this Fellow daily frown,
And his advice reject, yet ſtill doth he
Knock at my Door, as if he'd weary me
Conſcience *I'll have you know in truth, that I,*
A Perſon am of ſome Authority:
Are you ſo ſaucy as to curb and chide
Such a brave Spark, who can't your wayes abide?
'Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,
And it agrees not with my preſent age;
For to give place to you, or to regard
Thoſe things from you I have ſo often heard.

Conſcience.

Alas! Proud fleſh, doſt think thy ſelf too high,
To be ſubject to ſuch a one as I?
Thy betters I continually gain-ſay,
If they my Motions don't with care obey.
My Power's great, and my Commiſſion large,
There's ſcarce a Man, but I with folly charge.

The King and Peaſant are alike to me,
I favour none of high or low degree:
If they offend, I in their faces fly,
Without regard or fear of ſtanders-by.

Youth.

Speak not another word, don't you perceive
There's ſcarce a Man or Woman will believe
What you do ſay, you're grown ſo out of date?
Be ſilent then and longer do not prate.
I'th Country your credit is but ſmall,
There's few care for your company at all:
The Husband man the Land-mark can't remove,
But you ſtraightway him bitterly reprove:
Nor Plow a little of his Neighbours Land,
But you command him preſently to ſtand.
There's not a Man can go i'th leaſt awry,
But out againſt him fiercely you do fly.
The People therefore now ſo weary are,
They've thruſt you out almoſt of ev'ry Shire:
And in the City you ſo hated be,
There's very few do care a ruſh for thee:
For if they ſhould believe what you do ſay,
Their Pride and Bravery would ſoon decay,
Their ſwearing, cheating, and their drunkenneſs,
Would vaniſh quite away, or grow much leſs.
Our craft of Profit and our Pleaſure too,
Would ſoon go down, and ruin'd be by you.
The whores and bawds, with the Play-houſes then
Would be contemned by all ſorts of Men.

You

You ſtrive to ſpoil us of our ſweet delight,
Our Pleaſures you oppoſe with all your might.
The Fabrick of our Joy you would pull down,
And make our Youth juſt like a Country clown.
We half Phanaticks ſhould be made ('tis clear)
If unto thee we once inclined were.
But this amongſt the reſt doth chear my heart,
There's very few in *London* take thy part.
Here and there one, which we Nick-names do give,
Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live.
'Tis out of faſhion grown, I daily ſee,
Conſcience for to regard i'th' leaſt degree.
He that can't whore and ſwear without controul,
We do account to be a timerous Fool.
Therefore though you ſo deſperately do fall
Upon poor me, yet I do hope I ſhall
Get looſe from you, and then I'll tear the ground,
And in all joy and pleaſure wi.l abound.

Conſcience.

Ah! poor deceived Soul! doſt thou not know,
That moſt of all mankind i'th' broad way go?
What though they do moſt wickedly abuſe me?
Wilt thou alſo in the like manner uſe me?
What though they will of me no warning take,
Till they drop down into the *Stygian* Lake?
Wilt thou be friend the curſed Serpent ſo,
As to go on till comes thy overthrow?
What though I am in no requeſt by them?
Don't they likewiſe God's Holy Word contemn?

Don't they the Gospel cast quite out of sight,
Lest from their Pleasures it should them affright ?
What though my friends are tost about and hurl'd,
Their inward peace is more than all the World
Can give to them, or from them take away,
Whilst they with diligence do me obey ;
As I enlightned am by Gods Precepts,
Which are a Guid and Lanthorn to my steps.
O come proud heart, and longer don't contend,
But leave thy Lust, and to my Scepter bend :
For I'll not leave thee, but with all my pow'r
I'll follow thee, unto thy dying hour.

Youth.

Into some private place then I will fly,
Where I may hide my self, and secretly
There I'll enjoy my self in spight of thee ;
And thou shalt not i'th' least know where I be.

Conscience.

Nay, foolish Youth, how can that thing be done,
From Conscience *it is in vain to run ;*
No secret place can you find out or spy,
To hide your self from me, such is mine Eye,
I see i'th' dark, as well as in the Light,
No Doors nor Walls, will keep thee from my sight.
Where e'r thou art, or goest, am I not near
Thy Soul with horrid guilt to scare and fear ?
Could Cain *or* Judas, *get out of my reach,*
When once between us there was the like breach ?

Did

Did I not follow them unto the end,
And made them know what 'twas for to offend
My glorious Prince, and me his true Viceroy?
Vengeance doth follow them who us annoy.
My Counſel then I prithee take with ſpeed,
For that's the way alone for to be freed:
From Vengeance here, and Wrath alſo to come,
When thou do'ſt die, and at the day of Doom.

Youth.

VVhat! can't I fly from thee, nor thee ſubdue?
Then I intreat thee, Conſcience *don't purſue,*
Nor follow me ſo cloſe; forbear a while;
Don't yet my Beauty, nor my Pleaſures ſpoil.
This is my Spring and Flower of my Age,
Oh! pity me, and ceaſe thy bitter rage:
Don't crop the tender Bud, it is too green:
Oh! let me have thoſe dayes others have ſeen.
Forbear thy hand, till my wild Oats are ſown;
They muſt be ripe alſo before they're mown;
Thou haſt forborn with ſome for a long time
That which I ask of thee is but the prime,
Of thoſe good days which God beſtows on me,
Oh' that it might but once obtained be!
'Tis time enough for to adhere to thee,
After I've ſpent my time in Gallantry,
In earths ſweet joys, and ſuch tranſcendent pleaſures
VVhich Young Men do eſteem the chifeſt treaſures,

Conscience.

After all violence and outrage great
Done to poor *Conscience*, do you now entreat?
Thinking for to prevail by flattery,
But that in truth I utterly defie:
'Tis quite against my Nature you must know,
Unto vile Lust fond pity for to show:
God has not given such a dispensation,
For me to wink at your abomination:
If God doth once but blow your Candle out,
I shall be quiet then you need not doubt:
(But woe to you as ever you were born,
If God doth once his Light to darkness turn.)
But while in you remains that Legal Light,
Your Sins I can't endure in my sight.
No liberty God, I am sure, will give
To any one, in horrid Sin to live;
Nor will he give allowance for a day:
'Tis very dangerous for to delay
The work of thy Repentance for an hour.
What thy hand finds to do, do with thy pow'r.
If me you don't believe, I prithee Youth,
For to resolve thy self, go to God's Truth.

Youth.

Well! since that you no comfort do afford,
I will enquire of God's most Holy Word:
So far I will your Counsel take, for I
Am sorely troubled, whither shall I fly?

I will make tryal, I reſolve to ſee,
Whether the *Truth* and *Conſcience* do agree.
The lip of *Truth* can't lie, though *Conſcience* may;
When that miſguided is, it leads aſtray.
If *Truth* and *Conſcience* ſpeak the ſelf-ſame thing,
'Twill ſome amazement to my Spirit bring.
That now I ask for, and earneſtly crave,
Is ſome ſhort time in ſin longer to have,
Conſcience denies it me: *Truth* what ſay you?
Oh! that you would a little favour ſhew
To a poor Lad, alas! I am but young,
Like to a Flower which is lately ſprung
Out of the ground, and *Conſcience* day and night
Strives for to tread me down with all his might:
Or, as the Froſt the tender Bud doth ſpoil,
So has he ſtriven to do a great while;
Muſt I reform, and all my ſins forſake?
Some fitter ſeaſon then O let me take.
For all things ther's a time under the Sun,
And when I older am, I will return,

Truth.

Nay, hold, vain *Youth*, you are miſtaken now,
No time to ſin God doth to thee allow.
If I may ſpeak, attend, and you ſhall hear,
I with poor *Conſcience* muſt witneſs bear;
I am his Guide, his Rule, 'tis by my Light
He acts and does, and ſpeaks the thing that's right,
You are undone, if you don't ſpeedily
Leave all your ſins and curſed vanity.

Art thou too young thy evil wayes to leave,
And yet haſt thou a precious Soul to ſave?
Art thou too young to leave Iniquity,
When old enough in Hell for ſin to lie?
Some fitter ſeaſon (Youth) doſt think to find?
The Devil doth dart that into thy mind.
No time ſo fit, as when the Lord doth call;
Thoſe who rebellious are, they one day ſhall
Smart bitterly for their moſt horrid evil,
In yielding to, and ſiding with the Devil,
But once again I prithee hearken to me;
Don't God, whilſt thou art young, call unto thee?
Remember thy Creator therefore now,
And unto him with ſpeed ſee you do bow.
The firſt ripe Fruit of Old God did deſire,
And ſo of thee likewiſe he doth require,
That thou to him a Sacrifice ſhould'ſt give
Of thy beſt days, and learn betimes to live
Unto the praiſe of his moſt Holy Name:
And not by ſin ſo to prophane the ſame.
This is (Young Man) alſo thy chooſing time,
Whilſt thou therefore doſt flouriſh in thy prime,
Place thou thy heart upon the Lord above;
And with Chriſt Jeſus alſo fall in Love.
Did not *Jehovah* give to thee thy Breath,
And alſo place thee here upon the Earth;
And many precious bleſſings give to thee,
That thou to him alone ſhould'ſt ſubject be?
God out of Bowels ſent his precious Son,
Thy Soul from evil ways with ſpeed to turn:

Who

Who for thy sake was nailed to the Tree
To free thy Soul from Hell and misery.
And whilst in sin (vile wretch) thou dost remain,
Thou dost as 'twere him Crucifie again:
Thy sins also (O Young Man) God doth hate.
His Soul doth loath, and them abominate;
Nought is more odious in his blessed sight,
Than those base Lusts in which thou tak'st delight.
And wilt thou not O Young Man! be deterr'd
From thy vain wayes? what, is thy heart so hard?
Shall nothing move thy Soul for to repent,
Nor work Convictions in thee to relent?
Give ear to *Truth*, *Truth* never spoke a lie,
And fly from sin and youthful vanity.
Those that do seek Gods Kingdom first of all,
And do obey Gods sweet and gracious call;
They shall find Christ, and lie too in his Breast,
And reap the Comfort of Internal rest.
But if thou should'st this golden time neglect,
And all good motions utterly reject;
And slight the day of this thy visitation,
That will to God be such a provocation,
That he'll not wait upon thee any more,
Nor never knock hereafter at thy door.
While terms of peace God doth therefore afford,
Subject to him, lest he doth draw his Sword.
If once to anger him you do provoke,
He'll brake your bones, and wound you with his stroke.
Who can before his indignation stand:
Or bear the weight of his revengeful hand?

How

How dareſt thou a War with him maintain,
And ſay o're thee Chriſt Jeſus ſhall not Reign?
Wilt thou combine with his vile Enemy.
And yet preſume on his ſweet clemency?
Wilt thou, vile Traytor-like, contrive the death
Of that great King, from whom thou haſt thy breath?
Wilt thou, caſt dirt upon the Holy One,
And keep Chriſt Jeſus from his rightly Throne?
Is't not his right thy *Conſcience* for to ſway?
Ought he not there to Reign, and thou Obey?
Dar'ſt thou reſiſt his dread and Soveraign power?
Yea, or hold parley with him for an hour,
To gratifie the Devil, who thereby
Renews his ſtrength, yea and doth fortifie
Himſelf in thee, and makes his Kingdom ſtrong,
By temping thee to ſin whilſt thou art young?
The Blackamoor as ſoon may change his skin,
As thou may'ſt leave and turn away from ſin,
When once a habit and a cuſtom's taken,
Then ſinful wayes are hard to be forſaken.
Dar'ſt thou, vile wretch, Chriſt's Government oppoſe
And with the Devil and corruption cloſe? (poſe
Had'ſt rather that the Devil reign o're thee,
Than unto God Almighty ſubject be?
Which will be beſt, doſt think, for thee i'th end,
The Lord to pleaſe, and Satan to offend?
Or Satan for to pleaſe, and ſo thereby,
Declare thy ſelf *JEHOVAH'S* Enemy?
For thoſe who live in ſin, 'tis very clear,
They Enemies to *GOD* and *JESUS* are.

And

And wilt thou yield unto the Devil ſtill,
And greedily alſo his will fulfill?
Do I think, *vain Youth*, he'll prove to thee a friend,
That thou do'ſt ſo his curſed ways commend?
Has Sin (which is his odious excrement)
So ſweet a ſmell, yea and a fragant ſcent?
Shall that which is the ſuperfluity
Of naughtineſs, be precious in thine eye?
And do'ſt thou value Chriſt and all he hath,
Not worth vain pleaſures here upon the Earth?
Shall he eſteemed be by thee (vile duſt!)
Not worth the pleaſures of a curſed Luſt?
Is there more good in ſinful Vanity,
Than is in all the glorious Trinity?
That which men think is beſt, that will they chuſe,
Things of ſmall value 'tis they do refuſe. (Soul,
What thoughts haſt thou of Chriſt then, ſinful
That thou his Meſſengers do'ſt thus controul,
And do'ſt to him ſo turn a deaf ear,
His knocks, his calls, and wooings wilt not hear,
Nor him regard, though he ſtands at the door,
With Myrrhe and Frankincenſe, yea and all ſtore
Of rare Fruit, and chief Spice, as *Cinnamon*,
Alloes, *Spikenard*, *Camphire* and *Saffron*?
All precious things, poor Soul! of Heaven above,
He has with him, yet nothing will thee move
To ope the door: for all his calls and knocks,
Thou let'ſt him ſtand until his precious locks
Are wet with dew and drops of the long night:
Thus thou do'ſt him deſpiſe, reject and ſlight.

And

And rather keep'ſt thy Luſt and Pleaſure ſtill,
Than that Chriſt ſhould thy Soul with Heaven fill,
Though he ten thouſand Worlds doth yet excell,
And makes that heart where he in truth doth dwell,
To be a Heaven here upon the Earth,
Filling the Soul with precious joy and mirth,
Which makes gray-headed Winter like a Spring,
And Youths like to Cæleſtial Angels ſing;
The Soul he doth ſo greatly elevate,
That it diſdains and doth abominate
All ſenſual pleaſures in compariſon
Of Jeſus Chriſt his dear and only one.
Let me perſwade thee for to taſte and try
How good Chriſt is, for then aſſuredly,
Thou wilt admire him, yea, and praiſe the Lord,
That ever he did to thy Soul afford,
Such a dear Saviour, and ſuch good Advice,
To lead thy Soul into ſweet Paradice.
For none do know the nature of that Peace,
That inward joy the which ſhall never ceaſe,
But he himſelf who doth the ſame poſſeſs:
Oh! taſte and ſee, for then you will confeſs,
No Pen can it expreſs, no Tongue declare,
It's Nature's ſuch (O Young man!) 'tis ſo rare,
Chriſt is the *Summum bonum*, it is He,
In whom alone is true felicity;
Such is the Nature of Man's panting Breaſt,
There's nought on Earth can give him perfect reſt,
'Tis not in Honour, that is Vanity:
For ſuch, like Beaſts, and other Mortals die.

King-

Kingdoms and Crowns they tottering do ſtand,
The Servant may the Maſter ſoon Command.
Belſhazzar, who upon the Throne did ſit,
His Knees againſt each other ſoon did hit.
How was he ſcar'd when the hand-writing came,
And wrote upon the Wall, ev'n the ſame
That afterwards befell, his End being come?
Great men oft-times are filled with great fear;
Being perplext they know not how to ſtear.
Tall Cedars fall, when little ſhrubs abide, (Tide.
Though Winds do blow and ſtrangely turn the
For Man in Honour lives but a ſhort ſpace,
He dyes like to the Beaſts, ſo ends his race:
Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of old,
And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold?
Great Monarchs now are moulder'd quite away,
Who did on Earth the Golden Scepter ſway,
In higheſt place of Humane Government:
None ever found therein ſolid content.
Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by ſome,
How he ſate down when he had overcome
The Eaſtern World, and did weep very ſore,
Becauſe there was one world, and was no more
For him to Conquer. Thus alſo 'tis ſtill,
This world's not big enough Man's Soul to fill,
Riches and Wealth alſo can't ſatisfie,
That precious Soul which in thy breaſt doth lye.
If ſtore of Gold and Silver thou ſhouldſt gain,
'Twould but increaſe thy ſorrow grief and pain.

Riches

Riches, O Young Man, they are empty things,
And fly moſt ſwift away with Eagles wings. (row,
When riches thou doſt heap, thou heap'ſt up ſor-
Thei'r thine to day alas! but gone to morrow.
Fires may come and thy Treaſures burn:
Or Thieves ſteal it, as they have often done.
He that hath thouſands by the Year this night,
May be as poor as *Job* before 'tis light.
And as for pleaſure which thy Age doth prize,
Why ſhould that ſeem ſo lovely in thine eyes?
'Tis but a moment they with thee will laſt,
And ſadneſs comes alſo when they are paſt.
The Brute his pleaſures hath as well as thee,
Man's chiefeſt good therefore can't pleaſures be.
And whilſt thou ſtriv'ſt thy evil Luſt to pleaſe,
Thy raging *Conſcience* (*Youth*) who ſhall appeaſe?
With this ſweet Meat I tell thee alſo Friend,
Thou ſhalt have ſour ſauce before i'th' end.
And as for Beauty, that alſo is vain,
Unleſs thou can'ſt the inward Beauty gain.
What's outward Beauty ſave an evil ſnare,
By which vain ones oft-times deceived are?
And on a ſudden drawn into temptation,
For to commit moſt vile abomination.
That beauty which man's carnal heart doth prize,
Renders not lovely in *Jehovah's* Eyes. (tire,
Though deck'd with Jewels, Rings and brave at-
The glorious King their Beauty don't deſire;
His heart's not taken with't, but contrar'wiſe
The Beauty of vain ones he doth deſpiſe.

Though

Though very fair, yet if defil'd with ſin,
They like unto Sepulchres are within.
Loathſome and vile i'th ſight of God are they,
And ſoon their ſeeming Beauty will decay:
It fades and withers, and away doth paſs,
Juſt like unto the flower of the graſs.
The curled Locks, yea, and the ſpotted Face,
God e'r a while will bring into diſgrace.
Thoſe Ladies which excel all others do,
Muſt feed the worms within a day or two,
Death and the grave will ſpoil their beauty quite
And none in them ſhall never more delight.
As for thy Age, in youthful dayes we ſee,
Youth minds nought elſe ſave curſed vanity,
Soon may thy Spring alſo meet with a blait,
And all thy glory not an hour laſt.
The Flower in the Spring which is ſo gay,
Soon doth it fade and wither quite away.
Nothing on earth canſt thou find out or 'ſpy,
That will content thee long, or ſatisfie
That Soul of thine, if ſtill you ſearch about
Till you do find the rareſt Science out.
For if on Learning once you place your mind,
Much vanity in that alſo you'll find.
For Humane Knowledge and Philoſophy,
Can't bring thy Soul into ſweet Unity
With God above, and Jeſus Chriſt his Son,
In whom, poor Youth, is happineſs alone.
Dote not on Honour then nor yet on Treaſure,
Nor Beauty, Learning, Youth, nor Pleaſure;

All

All is but Vanity that's here below,
Truth and Experience both the same do show,
Come, look to Heav'n, seek thou for higher joys,
Let Swine take husks and Fools these empty toys.
Come taste of Christ, poor Sou', and then you will
Of joys Cælestial receive your fill.
If thou dost drink but of the Chrystal Springs,
These outward joys thou'lt see are trifling things.
If Heavens sweetness once thou hadst but caught,
Thou wouldst account Earth's best enjoyments naught
Honour & riches too Christ has great store(
And at's *Right hand pleasures for evermore.*
Dost think that he who makes Mans life so sweet,
Whilst he with grievous troubles here doth meet,
And in believing hath such sweetness placed,
Though his own Image greatly is defaced,
Can't give to him much greater Consolation;
When all the sowr's vanisht of Temptation?
If with the bitter, Saints such sweetness gain,
What shall they have when they in Glory reign?

Youth.

Be silent Truth, *leave off, for I can't bear*
Your whining strains, nor will I longer hear
Such melancholy whimsies, they're such stuff,
Which suits not with my age: I have enough
Of it already, and also of you,
Sith you my int'rest strive to overthrow.
When I appeal'd to you I *was perplext,*
And with sad melancholy sorely vext:

But

But ſince I do perceive the Storm is o'r,
You I don't think to trouble any more.
Long winded Sermons, Sir, I do not love,
Nor of your Doctrine in the leaſt approve.
No liberty to me I ſee you'll give,
In ſweet delights and pleaſures for to live.
I don't intend Fanatick yet to turn,
Nor after ſuch diſtracted People run;
An eaſier way to Heaven I do know,
And therefore, Sir, Farewel, farewel, to you.
My bride, my ſports, and my old company,
I will enjoy, and all my bravery
I will hold faſt, yea, wantonly fulfil
My fleſhly mind, ſay Preachers what they will?

Conſcience.

Ah Youth, ah Youth, is't ſo in very deed,
Wilt thou no more unto God's truth give heed?
'Twas but my mouth to ſtop I now do find,
That unto Truth you ſeemingly inclin'd.
But this, O Soul, I muſt aſſure to thee,
What thou haſt heard has much enlightned me,
And my Commiſſion too it doth renew,
As will appear by what doth next enſue.
Have you from God been called thus upon,
And ſhall your heart be hardned like a ſtone?
You can't plead ignorance, Oh Youth 'tis ſo,
You plainly now have heard what you ſhould do.
Your ſin will be with grievous Aggravation,
If quickly you don't make a Recantation.

Your ſin will now be of a ſcarlet dye,
And many ſtripes prepared I eſpy,
With which you muſt he beat; becauſe that you,
Your Maſters Will ſo perfectly do know,
But for to do the ſame you ſtill refuſe,
And your poor Conſcience wickedly abuſe:
You'll ſhew your ſelf a curſed Rebel now,
If unto Chriſt with ſpeed you do not bow
Wilt thou thy ſins retain, when thou doſt hear
How much againſt the Living God they are?
Wilt thou caſt dirt into his Bleſſed Face:
Oh! tremble Soul, and dread thy preſent caſe,

Youth.

Now my good days, I ſee they will be gone,
My inward thoughts will ne'r let me alone;
Ah that I could but ſin without controul,
And Conſcience would no more diſturb my Soul;
His bitter gripes much longer I can't bare,
He's grown ſo ſtrong that little hope is there;
But he'll prevail, ſuch conflicts do I feel,
My Courage now and Reſolutions reel:
But yet I am reſolv'd once more to try,
And ſtruggle will to get the maſtery.
I cowardly will not acquit the Field,
Nor at the ſecond Summons will I yield.
I'll make once more another ſtout aſſay,
E'r unto Conſcience I will yield the day,
Ah! how can I my ſweet delights forſake,
Without reſiſtance to the laſt I make?

Con-

Conſcience, al hough I ſinful am, I ſee,
There's many thouſand ſinners worſe than me :
There's none can live and from all ſin be clear,
That I from *Truth* did very lately hear.
My heart is good, though it is true, that I
Am over-come through humane frailty.

Conſcience.

O curſed wretch! dar'ſt thou thy heart commend?
Come tremble Soul, and it to pieces rend.
Don't I moſt clearly in thy heart behold
Moſt horrid luſt, 'twould ſhame thee were it told:
All rottenneſs and filthy do I eſpy,
In that baſe heart of thine to lurk and lie:
There Vipers breed and many a Cockatrice;
The ſpawn of every Sin and evil Vice.
Like a Sepulchre, Soul, thou art within,
Nought's there but ſtink and putrifying ſin,
Out from thy heart all-evil doth aſcend,
And yet wilt thou thy filthy heart commend?
And doſt thou think thy ſtate good for to be,
Cauſe thou doſt find many as bad as thee?
You are ſo naught, if you from ſin don't turn,
You muſt for ſin in Hell for ever burn.
Except ye do repent. *Truth* tells you plain.
You periſh muſt, in everlaſting pain.

Youth.

Well, ſay no more. if this be ſo, I muſt
Go unto *Truth* again, or I ſhall burſt;

My heart will break I clearly do diſcern,
I therefore now muſt yield, and alſo learn
What's my Eſtate, my Nature, Oh! that I'd know.
Come, *Truth*, I pray will you this favour ſhow,
As to explain this thing to me more clear,
For *Conſcience* doth my Soul with horrour ſcare.
Is he i'th right, Oh *Truth!* or is he wrong?
I find Convictions in me very ſtrong.
What is my ſtate? declare it unto me,
And ſet my troubled Soul at liberty.

Truth.

What *Conſcience* ſpeaks, O young man. is moſt right
And vain it is with him longer to fight: (
Conſcience againſt thee doth his witneſs bear,
And dreadful danger alſo doth declare,
Thoſe he condemns by Light receiv'd from me.
Th' Eternal God condemns aſſuredly.
And God is greater than thy Heart, Oh Soul!
Who can enough thy grievous ſtate condole;
If *Conſcience* does its Teſtimony give,
That you in ſin and curſed ways do live,
And that thou art an unconverted wretch:
If 'tis from hence, between you there's a breach,
And this be ſo, as it you can't deny,
What would you do if you this night ſhould die?
If in this ſtate this life you do depart,
Undone for evermore, Young Man, thou art:
As ſure as is the mighty God in Heaven,
Againſt thy Soul the Sentence will be given.

Con-

Conscience his power did from God receive?
And if you don't obey and him believe,
But do reject his Motions, 'tis all one
As if Christ Jesus you did tread upon:
While he doth Rule by Laws that are Divine,
'Tis Treason him to stop or undermine,
And once again to shew thee thy estate,
Thou being, Young Man, not regenerate,
No God nor Christ have you; 'tis even so,
And this indeed's the sum of all your woe.
In God no Intrest, (Youth) hast thou at all,
He's quite departed ever since the Fall,
And is become thy dreadful Enemy,
His angry Face is set most vehemently
Against thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing,
Enough thy pride with vengeance down to bring:
Each Attribute against thy Soul is set,
And all of them also together met,
To make thee every way most miserable,
Which wrath for to withstand, what Man is able?
He'll suddenly thy Soul to pieces tear,
And his Eternal Vengeance make thee bear:
His wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,
'Till you by Faith are truly born again.

Youth.

This Doctrine which to me you do declare,
It is enough to drive one to despair:
If it be so, I grant I am undone,
But God is gracious and has sent his Son.

He's ful of Bowels, therefore hope do I,
He'll not on me his Justice magnifie,

Truth.

'Tis true God's gracious, yet he will not clear
Those guilty Sou's who don't his Justice fear
He's very gracious, yet his full ire,
And is to such like a consuming fire.
He sent his Son 'tis true for Souls to die,
But many miss and falsely do apply
His precious Blood; therefore my Counsel take,
Don't you too soon an Application make,
Of Gods sweet Grace, nor yet of Christ's dear blood,
Until by you the Gospel's understood.
Those who are whole need no Physician have,
The Sick and Wounded Soul Christ came to save.
What dost thou judge thy present state to be,
How do's it stand, and is it now with thee?

Youth.

I am a Sinner, and my heart doth bleed,
My sin-sick Soul doth a sweet Saviour need,
My Conscience tells me that I am most vile,
And grievously for sin doth me turmoil.

Truth.

No Saviour you can have, unless you do
Resolve to leave yout sins, and let them go:
Not for your Wounds is there a help be sure,
'Till Causes be remov'd which do procure,

And

And bring on you that pain and biter ſmart,
Which you cry out of in your part.

Youth.

My trembling Soul's amaz'd and fill'd with fear,
Another way, Oh *Truth*! thy courſe I'll ſteer;
I muſt forſake all evil ways, for I
Do ſee the danger and the miſery;
VVhich doth attend the way that I am in,
VVhilſt I do keep and hug my curſed ſin.
There's ſcarce a night which paſſeth o'r my head,
But dread I do the making of my Bed;
(E'r Morning comes) in the ſad depths of Hell.
My Conſcience therefore now does me compel,
To bid adieu to all ſweet joy and pleaſure,
To lies and fraud and all unlawful treaſure.
In ſports and games I'll take no more delight,
But contrariwiſe I'll pray both day and night.
Conſcience has overcome me with his gripes,
Truth follows him ſo with his threatn'd ſtripes.
The wall's broke down, the old man runs away,
And *Conſcience* follows cloſe to cut and ſl.y:
Aud threatens too no Quarter he will give,
And ſeems before him every thing to drive.
Luſt forced is in Corners now to fly,
VVhere it doth hide it ſelf moſt ſecretly,
And watcheth alſo, thinking for to get
An opportunity once more to ſet,
And fall on *Conſcience*, which it doth diſdain.
'Cauſe *Conſcience* ſays Corruption muſt be ſlain.

I side with him because I would have peace.
But still 'tis doubtful when these Wars will cease.

Devil.

What Pity is't thy Sun should set so soon,
Or should be clouded thus before 'tis noon;
No sooner risen in thy Horison,
And sweetly shines, but presently is gone?
Shall Winter come before the Spring is past,
And all it's fruit be spoil'd with one sad blast?
Shall that brave flower which doth seem so gay,
So quickly fade and wither quite away?
What pity 'tis that one so young as thee
Should thus be brought into Captivity.
Heark not to *Conscience*, for I dare maintain,
'Tis better for to hug thy sins again.
Thy *Conscience*, *Youth*, thou hast too lately found,
Doth but amaze and give thy Soul a wound.
Consider well, advise, and thou shalt see,
My ways are best, come hearken unto me,
I'll give thee honour, pleasure, wealth, and things
Which prized are by Noble Men and Kings:
Let not this make bate with one angry frown,
Throw all thy Glory and thy Pleasures down,
Let not strange thoughts distress thy troubled mind,
What satisfaction canst thou have or find,
But that which floweth from this World alone?
'Tis I must raise thee to the sublime Throne,
The Hell thou feareſt, may be but a story,
And Heaven also but a feigned Glory,

If

If this don't ſtartle thee, then ſpeedily
I will ſtir up ſome other Enemy.
Old Man rouze up, I charge you to awake
And ſwiftly too, your life lies at the ſtake.
And Miſtriſs Heart, ſtir up your wilful Will.
Is this a ſeaſon for him to ſit ſtill?
If unto *Truth* and *Conſcience* he gives place,
Our Intereſt will, you'll ſee, go down apace;
Judgement is gone already and doth yield,
And Courage too I fear will quit the field.
Some ſins are ſlain, and in their Blood do lie,
And others into holes are forc'd to flie.
As for affection he doth hold his own,
Though *Conſcience* doth upon him ſadly frown.
Remembrance will unto him trayt'rous prove,
If I his thoughts from Sermons can remove,
I'll make his mind run after things below,
And raiſe up trouble which he did not know:
And he'll forget what he did lately hear,
And ceaſe will then his former thoughts and fear.
If I can pleaſe his ſenſual appetite,
There is no fear of any ſudden flight,
His Breaſt is tender, apt to entertain
The ſparks of Luſt which long he can't reſtrain.
I'll blow them up and kindle them anew,
And to Convictions ſoon he'll bid adieu.
New objects I'll preſent unto his ſight,
In which I'm ſure he can't but take delight,
I have ſuch hold of him, there is no doubt,
But I once more ſhall turn him quite about.

His

His old Companions *also I'll provoke,*
At's door again to give another knock;
Their strong enticements hardly he'll withstand,
They can (you see) his Spirit soon command.

Youth's old Companions.

How do you, Sir? what is the cause that we,
Can't (here of late) enjoy your Company?
It seems to us as if you were grown strange,
As if in Youth there were some sudden change.

Youth.

I have not had the opportunity,
Besides on me there do's some burden lie,
Which doth press down my Spirits very sore,
And makes me seldom to go forth o'th door.

Companions.

I warrant you, Sirs, 'tis sin afflicts his Soul,
And he's just going now to turn fool.
Come, come away, to Age such grief belongs,
To Youth, brave mirth and sweet melodious songs.
Come drive these thoughts away with Pipe and Pot,
Sing and Carouse till they are quite forgot.
The lovely strains of the well tuned Lute.
Where pleyes they act, do with our Nature sute.
Come, go with us upon a brave Design,
The which will chear that drooping heart of thine.
Come generous Soul, let thy ambitious eye,
Such foolish fancies and vain dreams defie.

Shall

Shall thy Heroick Spirit thus give place
To ſilly dotage, to thy great diſgrace?

Vicimus,

The young man yields being poſſeſs'd with fears,
They would reproach him elſe with ſcoffs and jears;
But afterward his head begins to ake,
And Conſcience *then afreſh begins to wake,*
And ſtings him after ſuch a bitter ſort,
It puts a period to his jovial ſport.
The thoughts of death, which ſickneſs doth preſage,
Doth trouble him he cannot bear the rage.
And inward gripes of his enlighten'd breaſt,
And therefore now again he thinks 'tis beſt
To hark to Conſcience, *whom he did refuſe,*
And grievouſly did many times abuſe.

Conſcience.

Go mourn, thou wretch, for ſad is thy condition,
Pour forth amain the Water of Contrition,
Wilt thou appear to Men godly to be,
When all is nothing but Hypocriſie?
Wilt thou to Truth *ſo often lend an ear,*
And yet to Satan *alſo thus adhere?*
You were as good have kept your former ſtation,
As thus to yield afreſh unto tenptation;
Go unto Truth, *if God give ſpace and room,*
Before I do pronounce your final doom.

Truth.

Truth.

Come, come, Young Man, Don't thy convictions
But cheriſh them, and timely alſo chooſe (loſe,
The one thing needful, which alone is good,
That God may waſh thy Soul in Chriſt his Blood.
Thy Soul is precious, 'tis of greater worth
Than all the things that are upon the Earth,
For if that the whole world you now could gain,
And all the pleaſures of it could obtain,
And in exchange your Soul ſhould loſe thereby,
What would your profit be when you muſt die?
When once thy Soul is loſt, thou loſeſt all:
Oh! that will be a very diſmal fall!
Do'ſt thou not know what I of Hell declare,
Of th' hideous howlings of the Damned there?
How can'ſt thou with devouring fire dwell?
Or lie with Devils in the loweſt Hell?
Thoſe who do in their natural ſtate remain,
Muſt live for ever in that reſtleſs pain.
All Fornicators, Drunkards, and the Liar,
Muſt have their portion in that Lake of Fire:
With Thieves, Revilers, and Extortioners,
And ſuch who are moſt vile Idolaters:
The Proud, the Swearer, and the Covetous,
God doth pronounce on them the ſelf ſame curſe.
And thoſe who live in vile Hypocriſie,
Or do backſlide into Apoſtaſie;
Let ſuch unto my preſent words give heed,
Their pain and torment ſhall all men's exceed.

What wilt thou do, or whither canſt thou fly,
Where canſt thou hide from the great Majeſty?
Who tries the reins, and ſearches every heart,
Conſcience declares that thou moſt guilty art.
Condemned Soul! thou knowſt that this is ſo,
And this moreover which I plainly ſhow,
VVill come to paſs as ſure as God's above,
If from all ſin with ſpeed you don't remove;
As ſure as you do live where e'r you die,
To Hell you go to all eternity:
Except Repentance in your Soul be wrought,
VVith vengeance thither you'll at laſt be brought.
You are the Man for whom God did prepare
That dreadful Tophet where the Damned are,
The which is made exceeding large and deep,
The Damned in that doleful place to keep.
Oh! call to mind what *Conſcience* doth this day
Charge you withal, before you're ſwept away;
Leſt you from him do hear no more at all,
Till you into thoſe ſcorching flames do fall;
VVhat mercy is't that *Conſcience* ſtrives ſo long,
And his Convictions ſtill in you are ſtrong!
Oh! fear leſt ſin do ſear your *Conſcience* quite,
And God alſo put out your Candle light!
And give you up unto a heart of ſtone,
As he in wrath has ſerved many one;
Then to repent it will be much too late,
Such is the danger of a lapſed ſtate.
Young men, take heed you don't this work delay
And put it off unto another day.

Your

Your own Experience may discover this,
Man's Life a bubble and a vapour is.
Alas! thy days on Earth will be but few,
They fly away like to the morning dew,
Like as the cloud and shadow swiftly flies,
Or, dew doth pass as soon as the Sun doth rise:
So fly thy days, thy golden months and years,
Much like the blossom that most gay appears;
And on a sudden fades and do's decay;
So Youth oft times doth wither quite away.
Thy Age thou do'st unto the Spring compare,
And to the Flowers which appear so rare.
From hence, O young man, learn Instruction now,
Don't thy Experience daily teach thee how.
The Flower withers and hangs down its head,
Which curiously of late so flourished:
The Meadow's clad in glorious array,
But's soon cut down, and turned all to Hay.
Like *Jonah's* Gourd which sprang up in a night,
And perished as soon as it was light.
Or like a Post which quickly passeth by,
Or Weaver's Shuttle which he maketh fly:
Or as a Ship when she is under sail,
Doth run most swift when she has a full gale.
So are thy days, they in like manner fly,
How many little Graves may'st thou espy?
Come measure now thy days, and see their length,
Number them not by years, by health nor strength
All these uncertain rules you must refuse,
Though that's the way which most of men do use.

They

They think to live till they old aged-are,
'Cauſe their progenitors long-lived were.
That Rule from *Truth* you ſee doth greatly vary,
And which Experience ſheweth is contrary.
You hear the things which you ſhould reckon by,
Things ſwift in motion, gone moſt ſpeedily.
Thy Life's uncertain, Youth, 'tis but a blaſt,
Thy Sand is little, long it will not laſt,
Thy houſe though new, yet it is very old,
Gone to decay, and turning to the mould,
You're born to die, and dead alſo you were,
Before you liv'd or breathed in the Air.
And die you muſt, before that live you do,
Except you die to live as I do ſhew.
Thy dreadful ruin, Soul, is very nigh,
Unleſs thy Tears prevent it ſpeedily.
What is thy purpoſe now, what's in thy mind?
Which way doſt think to take, how art inclin'd?

Youth.

Thy ways, O *Truth*, I am reſolv'd to run,
And never more will I to folly turn.
I tremble, at the thoughts of Death and Hell,
My Soul is wounded and my wounds do ſwell.
My pains increaſe, therefore my purpoſe now
Is far more ſtrict to be, and for to bow
Unto Chriſt Jeſus, that I may obtain,
Some healing Medicine to remove my pain.
No reſt can I, ſave in my Duty find.
I unto prayer am very much inclin'd.

God

God will, I hope, these latter sins forgive,
Since I more Godly do intend to live:
And so resolve to watch and take such care,
That Satan shall no more my Soul insnare.

Vicinus.

He from this day becomes a great Professor,
Though far from being yet a true Possessor.
Christ he has got into his mouth and head,
And not internally rais'd from the dead,
But in Old *Adam* still does he remain,
Not knowing what 'tis to be born again.
When Satan sees it is in vain to strive,
The Soul into its former state to drive;
But that it will forsake gross wickedness,
And will also the Truths of Christ profess,
He yields thereto, resolving secretly,
To blind its eyes in close Hypocrisie,
And so appears under a new disguise,
Most subtilly thy Soul for to surprize,
Perswading him the War which he doth find
Daily to be within his troubled mind,
Is saving Grace against iniquity,
Which has prevail'd and got the victory;
When it is common Grace (we do so call)
And not the Grace that's supernatural.
He takes the work of Legal Reformation
For the only work of true Regeneration,
Here he doth rest and seem to be at ease,
When all is done his Conscience to appease.

But

But I'le give place to this Rel gious Youth,
To hear diſcourſe between him and the Truth.

Youth.

Oh! happy I, and bleſſed be the day,
That unto *Truth* and *Conſcience* I gave way.
I would not be in my old ſtate again,
If I thereby ſome thouſands might obtain.
From Wrath, and Hell, my Soul is now ſet free;
For I don't doubt, but I converted be.
The Word with power ſo to me was brought,
A glorious change within my Soul is wrought.

Truth.

Young man take heed, leſt you miſtaken are,
Converſion's hard, it is a work ſo rare,
That very few that narrow paſſage enter, (ture,
Though far that way there's thouſand do adven-
Yet miſs the mark for all their inward ſtrife,
They fall far ſhort of the new Creature life;
Come, let me hear your Grounds of evidence:
For I don't like your ſeeming confidence.
I doubt I ſhall find you under God's curſe,
And ſtill your Caſe as bad, if not much worſe,
Then 'twas when you did no Profeſſion make,
But did your ſwing in all Prophaneneſs take.
The *Phariſee* was a Religious man,
Yet nearer Heaven was the *Publican*.
If ſhort of Chriſt you fix or faſten do,
'Twill be your ruine and your overthrow.

Youth.

What do you mean? this Doctrin's too severe;
For all might see that I converted were.
But if my Grounds you are resolv'd to weigh,
You shall forthwith hear what I have to say;
And the first Ground which I resolve to bring,
For to evince, to clear and prove the thing,
Is from Convictions which I have of sin;
Which once I hugged and delighted in.

Truth.

Alas poor Soul! this Reason soon will fly,
For most do see their vile Iniquity.
They are convinced by their inward light.
That sin is odious in *Jehovah*'s sight,
But yet vile Sinners are nevertheless,
And don't one dram of saving Grace possess.
King *Pharaoh*, *Esau*, yea and *Judas* too,
They were convinced of their sins (you know:)
That they were Saints, there's no Man doth be-
For all those three the Devil did deceive. (lieve;
As he beguiled them, he may likewise,
With cunning Stratagems your Soul surprise.
Nay, and he has, so far as I can judge,
Unless you do some better Reason urge,
To prove Conversion in your Soul is wrought;
I do declare your state is very nought.
How many Men under Convictions lye,
Yet never born again until they dye?

What

What hast thou else to say and to produce,
Sith slight Convictions are of little use?

Youth.

I do not only see my sin, but I
Do mourn and grieve for sin continually.
And those which so do mourn they blessed are,
Don't you also the self same thing declare?

Truth.

Nay hold a little, thou may'st weep amain;
And yet in thee may many evils reign.
And thou may'st mourn for sin, as many do,
Because of shame, of bitter pain, and wo,
Which now it brings and leads unto i'th end,
And not because thereby you do offend
The living God, and wound your Saviour, who
Did for your sake such torment undergo.
Mourn more for th' evil which doth come thereby;
Than for the evil which in it doth ly.
This ground is weak, for *Esau*, it appears,
Did mourn and weep, and let fall bitter tears:
And yet you know that *Esau* was prophane,
And far was he from being born again.

Youth.

But I go further yet, I do confess,
Mp horrid evils and my guiltiness;
If I confess my sins, as I have done,
God he is just, and is the faithful One;

who will my ſins forgive and pardon quite,
And blot them out of his own precious ſight.
This being ſo, what cauſe then can you ſee,
But that I'm turn'd from my Iniquity?

Truth.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain ground;
Some do confeſs their ſins whoſe heart's unſound.
When *Pharaoh* ſaw the Judgement of the Hail,
His heart began then greatly for to fail.
I've ſin'd this time, the Lord is juſt, ſaid he,
I, and my People (alſo) wicked be.
Though *Pharaoh*, *Saul*, and *Judas*, each of them,
God did reject, and utterly condemn;
Yet theſe, when under wrath, are forc'd to cry,
Lord we have ſin'd; their Conſcience ſo did fly
Into their Faces, that it made them quake,
And unto God Confeſſion ſtrait to make.
Confeſſion may be made alſo in part;
And not of ev'ry ſin that's in the heart.
Men may confeſs their ſin, and their great guilt,
Who the dire nature of it never felt.
Confeſs their ſins in their extremity,
When Conſcience pinches them moſt bitterly.
Confeſs their ſins which they committed have,
Yet don't intend thoſe curſed ſins to leave.

Youth.

But I confeſs, and alſo do forſake,
My ſtate therefore, 'tis clear, you do miſtake;

Tho

Those who confess and do their sins forego,
God will to them his precious Mercy show.
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain,
I for my part am truly born again.

Truth.

In this also you may deceived be.
Men may forsake all gross iniquity,
Yet in their Souls may some sweet morsel lye,
Which they may hug and keep close secretly.
They may sin leave, but not as it is sin;
Which has too often manifested bin.
If the least sin thou didst forsake aright,
All sin would then be odious in thy sight.
Judgement and Reason may your sins oppose,
And utterly refuse with them to close;
Yet may thy will and thy affections joyn,
To favour still and love those sins of thine.
If sin's not out of thy affection cast,
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at last:
If sin's i'th' will and in th' affections found,
'Tis a true sign thy heart is quite unsound,
Like to the Seaman, some Professors do,
Who over-board some Goods are forc'd to throw,
When they do meet with storms and with bad wea-
Lest all their Goods and Ship do sink together. ther,
When in the Soul great storms and tempests rise.
The Devil then may subtilly advise
The Soul to throw some of its sins away,
To make a Calm, that so thereby he may

Perswade the Soul the danger is quite gone,
And that the work in him is fully done.
'Tis not enough therefore some sins to leave,
But every sin you must resolve to heave
And cast o're-board, yea, and that willingly,
Or else you sink to all Eternity.
Not by constraint as *Conscience* doth compel,
As some are forc'd to do who like it well;
Who leave the Act, but love to it retain:
Such leave their sins, and yet their sins remain.

Youth.

These are hard sayings which you do relate,
And I indeed should question my estate
Were't not for other grounds and reasons clear,
By which I know that I converted were.
Sir! there's in me a very glorious change,
Most Men admire it, and do think it strange,
That one who lately did both scoff and jear
Those men and People, which I now do bear;
And follow'd Vice and ev'ry vanity,
Should on a sudden thus reformed be;
And utterly my self also deny,
Of my sweet joys, and former Company.

Truth.

From outward filthiness a Man may turn,
And not be chang'd in heart when he has done,
A legal change I grant he may be under,
Yet may not Soul and Self be cut asunder.

An

An outward change in Men there may be wrought,
And yet their hearts within be very nought.
The Swine that wallows in the mire now,
May washed be, but still remains a Sow.
Persons may cleanse the out-side of the Cup,
And Dogs may spew their nasty Vomit up,
But yet do keep their beastly Nature still,
And e're a while they manifest it will.
Many Professors fall away and dy,
For want of being changed thorowly.
The *Pharisee* was chang'd, he did appear
As if indeed a precious Saint he were;
And differ'd quite from the poor *Publican*,
And thought himself a far more happy Man.
But all this was in shew, and not in heart;
And therefore had in Christ no share nor part.
Except your Righteousness doth his excel,
You in no wise shall in God's Kingdom dwell.
'Tis a false change, and cannot be a true,
Unless in you all things are wholly new.
O'd *Herod* will reform in many things.
When once he finds his Conscience bites and stings;
To hear *John Baptist* also was he led.
Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his Head,
So far this seeming Saint was turnid aside,
That he also your Saviour did deride;
And with his Men of War set him at nought,
Whilst Accusations they against him sought.
Simon the Sorcerer, also you read,
Was changed so, he gave great care and heed,

To *Philip's* Preachings; yea, and suddenly
He leaves his Witch-crafts and his Sorcery;
And yet a curſed Caitiſe all the while,
Like a Sepulchre painted, inward vile.
Another Man in ſhew 'tis like thou art,
Yet not made new, and changed in thy heart;
Men in thy life may no great blemiſh ſpy,
Yet in thy breaſt much rottenneſs may ly.
Toward all men thy Conſcience may be clear,
Conſcience ſo far may for thee witneſs bear,
That you in Morals it do not offend;
Yet unto God it may not you commend:
But contrar'wiſe it in your face may fly,
And you condemn for ſin continually,
For ſecret evils which it's privy to,
Which none knows of, ſave only God and you.
Therefore, Oh! Young man, if you look about,
Of your Converſion you have cauſe to doubt,
Satan ſo greatly may your heart deceive,
That not one dram of Grace your *Soul* may have,
Which ſaving is, and of the pureſt kind,
For that, alas! there's very few do find.

Youth.

But I am call'd of God, and do obey
The Voice of *Truth* and *Conſcience* every day.
God's called Ones I'm ſure you can't deny,
But they are ſuch whom he doth Juſtifie:
Therefore 'tis clear and very evident,
That Grace alone hath made me penitent.

My

My heart is ſound, my Graces true alſo,
My Confidence there's none ſhall overthrow.

Truth.

Thou ſeem'ſt too confident, 'tis a bad ſign;
For fears attend where ſaving Grace doth ſhine.
I tell thee Youth, that many called be;
But few are choſen from Eternity.
Judas was call'd and did obey in part,
And yet he was a Devil in his heart.
There is an outward, and an inward Call,
The latter only is effectual.
Therefore you muſt produce ſome better ground,
For this don't prove that your Converſion's ſound;
But that thou may'ſt ſtick faſt ſtill in the birth,
Or prove Abortive when thou art brought forth.
'Tis rare, Oh Youth! for to be born anew;
And hard to find out when the work is true.

Youth.

Though it be ſo, what cauſe have I to fear,
When that my Evidences are ſo clear?
I do believe, and truſt in God through Faith.
And he which ſo doth do, the witneſs hath
Within himſelf, and ſhall aſſuredly
Be ſaved alſo when he comes to dy.

Truth.

Thou may'ſt believe as moſt of People do,
And yet to Hell at laſt thy Soul may go.

The Faith of Credence it is like you have,
Which cannot quicken, purifie or save.
Some *Jews* believ'd in Christ you also find,
Yet to their Lusts their hearts were then inclin'd;
And out of Satans Kingdom were not freed,
Nor made Disciples of the Lord indeed.
Simon the Sorcerer, he did believe;
Yet did his Soul no saving Grace receive:
But was a Child of Satan ne're the less,
And still was in the Gall of bitterness.
The stony ground with joy receiv'd the seed,
And for a time brought forth, as you may read,
And yet their hearts they were but hearts of stone,
Their Faith was temporary, soon 'twas gone,
The *Devils do believe* as well as you,
Yea, and confess that Jesus they do know;
They tremble also, which some Men can't say,
They ever did unto this present day.
Such Faith as Devils have, most Men obtain,
Which serves for nought, save to augment their pain
If on a Death bed *Conscience* do awake,
'I will cause them then to tremble and to quake,
And roar like Devils when they do espy,
The dreadful wrath of that great Majesty,
Whom they offended, and against their Light,
And knowledge too, most wickedly did slight.
This Faith will serve their grief to aggravate,
But no to help them out of that estate,
'Tis easie to believe that Christ did dy;
But hard his blood in Truth for to apply.

Men

Men may raiſe up the dead to life again,
As eaſie as true ſaving Faith obtain
By their own Power, an inherent skill,
Nought doth oppoſe it more than Mans own will;
Until Almighty Power makes it bend,
'Twill not to Grace, nor Jeſus condeſcend.
That Pow'r which rais'd up Jeſus from the dead,
Works faith in Saints, whereby they'r quickened:
The Faith of Credence, and Hyſtorical,
Is eaſie had. I ne're deny it ſhall;
But precious Faith, the Faith of God's Elect,
As 'tis a Grace and gloriouſly bedeckt
With other Graces, ſo 'twill never grow
But in the honeſt heart, where God doth ſow
The bleſſed Seed, which, like a Garden pure,
Doth yield its fruits to th' laſt, you may be ſure.
And when this Faith is wrought in any Soul,
It throws down ſelf, and wholly then doth rowl
On Jeſus Chriſt, as its beloved one,
On whom it reſts, and doth depend alone.
If God hath wrought this precious Grace in thee,
Sin thou doſt hate, yea, all Iniquity;
And Luſt doth not predominate and reign,
If thou by Faith art truly born again.
Chriſt thou exalt'ſt as he is Prieſt and King,
And as thy Prophet too in every thing:
He does in thee wholly the Scepter ſway,
And thou art govern'd by him every day.
Sin can't prevail, ſuch is thy happy eaſe,
If thou haſt got this rare victorious Grace:

It purges and doth purifie thy heart,
Wholly renewing thee in every part.
Men by its fruits true Faith do come to know,
And by their works the same do also show;
What Faith is thine? what think'st thou now of it?
I greatly fear 'twill prove a counterfeit.
Examine thy Estate, and take good heed,
To close with Jesus Christ, and that with speed.
For as th' Body without the Spirit's dead;
The same of Faith you know is also said.
Without Obedience doth thy Faith attend,
Yet for all this you'l perish in the end.

Youth.

I am obedient, and am free to joyn
In fellowship with Saints, such Faith is mine:
I willing am to do, as to believe;
The Devil can't therefore my Soul deceive.
For I have clos'd with Christ already so,
That none my Faith shall ever overthrow.
The many Prayers I make both day and night,
Do doubtless prove that my Conversion's right.

Truth.

I tell thee Soul, Men may do more than this,
And yet they may of true Conversion miss.
God's Ordinances many do obey,
And Members of God's holy Church are they,
And of its Priviledges seem to share,
As if that they truly Converted were.

They

They may discourse, and seem to be devout,
And may not be discerned, nor found out.
They with the Flock may walk, lie down and feed,
And so remain till many years succeed:
Nay, not discovered be until they stand
Amongst the Goats at Jesus Christ's left-hand.
The foolish Virgins joyn'd themselves with wise,
And for to meet the Bridegroom did arise:
But e're the Bridegroom came their case was sad,
For they nought else save empty Vessels had,
A bare Profession, and a meer out side;
And did no Oyl, no saving Grace provide.
Many great Preachers, and Disputers too,
Christ will not own, nor any favour shew,
Though in his Name they mighty works have done,
He'l say to them, *ye wicked ones, be gone,*
I know you not, therefore be gone from me
All you vile workers of Iniquity.
You say oft-times you seek the Lord in Prayer;
That you may do, and let fall many a tear,
And yet not be in a converted state:
For many seek with tears when 'tis too late.
Others like Seamen, in a storm do cry,
When *Conscience* doth rebuke them bitterly.
And some under Affliction cry and howl,
And grievously their state do then condole;
Then Promises and Resolutions make,
That they such Courses will no longer take:
But when the storm and the affliction's o're,
They are as bad, nay worser than before,

Some

Some Pray in Form and others Pray by Art,
And some to mend the badness of their Heart;
Their hearts are wounded, and then speedily,
Their Pray'rs to heal it, they do straight apply.
They sin i'th day, and Pray when it is night;
They sin again, but Pray'r doth heal it quite.
They think 'tis well if Tears they can let fall.
Their Prayers and Tears they think will cure all.
And so that way poor *Conscience* they beguile,
They silence him; yet sinners all the while.
Their Pray'rs, alas! can't wash their filth away,
Though they do nothing else both night and day.
'Tis on their prayers they rest, and do depend;
Which like a broken staff will fail i'th end.
A Saint in Prayer, no rest nor ease can gain,
Unless Christ's Blood thereby he doth obtain:
And Grace also his sins to mortify,
For Christ, as well as Pardon, he doth cry.
But contrariwise it is with most of Men,
They cry for Pardon, but do also then
In their vile hearts regard iniquity;
And for this cause God doth their suit deny.
Their Prayers are to God abomination,
Whil'st they do hide and cover their transgression.
Some out of Custom do perform their Prayer
Not out of Conscience, or from godly care,
And others also for vain-glory sake,
Like *Pharisees*, they many Prayers make.
In sight of Men, in Publick such will pray,
But in the Closet little have to say.

And

And some to God also seem to draw near,
Yet not in love, nor out of filial fear, (show,
They with their mouths & tongues much kindness
When as their hearts are fixt on things below.
'Tis for the heart which Christ doth chiefly call,
And reason 'tis that he should have it all.
For he the same did buy and purchase dear,
Yet Satan has the chief possession there.
God at the door, and in the porch doth stand,
While Satan may the bravest room command.
They 'lope to him, and keep *Jehovah* out,
And yet in Pray'r they seem to be devout.
There's some will pray, and up this Duty keep,
When th' Soul is quite, and th' Body near asleep.
Who ever prays, and prays not fervently,
In Faith, in Truth, and in Sincerity;
Their Prayers are sin, and them God will not hear,
Nor mind their cry when they to him draw near.
'Tis not enough a Duty for to know,
But how also each Duty you should do:
For Men may Pray, Read, Hear, and Meditate;
And yet be in an unconverted state.
They outwardly may many Truths profess,
But not in heart the pow'r of them possess.
The Law i'th' Letter keep, yea have the shell;
Yet feeds on husks, and want the true kernel.
The Young-man which to Jesus Christ did run,
He many things as well as you had done;
And yet fell short, as you may plainly see,
Of the chief part of true Christianity.

What

What say ye now, O Youth, do you not fear,
That you by Satan much deceived are?
Have you no *Delila* which secretly
Doth in your heart, or in your bosom ly?
Don't you to sin some secret love retain?
If it be so, you are not born again.
Conscience, I fear, and God's restraining Grace,
Has only stopt you in your former race.
Like to a Dog that's kept up by a Chain,
So *Conscience* does from sin oft-times restrain.
But if the Chain should slip, then loose he goes;
And presently his churlish nature shows.
To your own Righteousness do you not trust?
I fear you do, come speak, or *Conscience* must.
Don't you conclude God is oblig'd to you,
Since you have let so many evils go?
And are so holy here of late become,
Are not your duties set up in the room
And place of Christ? Oh! see you do not make
A Saviour of your own (for Jesus sake)
Did ever sin, sinful to you appear?
And, as 'tis sin, to it great hatred bear:
Would you not sin, were there no Hell of pain,
Because you know the Lord doth it disdain?
Rather, is't not from fear of punishment,
That you of late seem thus for to relent?
Or, doth there not some carnal base design,
Move thee so far unto God's Truth to joyn?
Is not thy end to get a name thereby?
Or only done, *Conscience* to satisfie?

Or done to free thee from reproach and ſhame,
Which ſin doth bring upon a Perſon's Name:
Ha'ſt not it done, and wiſely caſt about
This way, for to prevent a bankcrout?
Or done for to augment thy outward ſtore,
To ſave thy ſtock and add unto it more?
For Riotous Living which attends thy Age,
Conſumes a pace, and want it doth preſage.
Come ſpeak, O Youth, and be thou not unfree,
To let me underſtand how 'tis with thee,
Come, call to mind what thou haſt heard of late,
And thereby judge of this thy preſent ſtate.

Youth.

I do not ſee but my conditio'ns good,
I have ſuch hope and Faith in Chriſt's dear blood:
Though many imperfections I do ſee,
Yet God is gracious, and will pardon me.
For many failings there are in the beſt:
What is amiſs, I'le mend, and ſo do reſt.

Truth.

Thy Hope will fail like to the Spider's webb,
Thy flood of Confidence will have its ebb,
If thou prove guilty of thoſe things which I,
Did unto thee ſo lately ſignifie.
Thy ſpots will not be like the ſpots of thoſe,
Which God for Children to himſelf hath choſe;
And ſince you are ſo loth for to be try'd,
And leſt you ſhou'd alſo ſome evils hide;

To *Conſcience* I'll appeal, you have done wrong
To ſtop his mouth and hinder him ſo long:
He's ſo enlightened now he can declare
As much as we at preſent need to hear.
He'll ſpeak the truth, and his opinion ſhow,
And nothing will he hide which he doth know.
If unto him you will attend with care,
Of other witneſſes no need is there.
If he, O Young-man, be but on your ſide,
And is your Friend, you need none elſe provide.
But if againſt you, and do prove your Foe,
With vengeance then be ſure down you will go.
But if you will not hear what he ſhall ſay,
He'll make you tremble in the Judgement day.

Conſcience, I do i'th' Name of the great King
Require you forth your evidence to bring
Againſt this Man, accuſe, or ſet him free,
According as you find his ſtate to be:
Stand up for Chriſt your dread & Soveraign Lord,
And Judge for him as he doth Light afford.
Be not deceiv'd by Luſt, a Bribe to take,
But Judge by Law; Chriſt's honour lies at ſtake.
For to ſpeak home and loud have you forgot?
Is he converted now or is he not?
What do you ſay? your Teſtimony give:
Is all ſin dead, or doth there any live?
Is he new born, and chang'd in every part?
Or is't in ſhew only and not in heart?

Con-

Conſcience.

Sir, ſay no more, I am at your Command,
And you ſhall hear how things at preſent ſtand.
He hath, *O Truth*, almoſt deceived me
By's late pretences unto Sanctity:
But having now afreſh receiv'd more light,
I muſt declare he is an Hypocrite.
He's not renew'd or truly born again;
Which I to you ſhall clearly now explain.
For, firſt of all, his Faculty, call'd Will,
That is perverſe and very wicked ſtill;
Though I ſtir up to good every hour,
Will doth oppoſe it with his greateſt pow'r.
He'll never pray in private day nor night:
But I muſt force him to't with all my might.
The old man is not ſlain I do eſpy,
But has much favour ſhown him ſecretly.
Though I do force him into holes to run,
Yet he doth nouriſh him when all is done.
His Love and his Affections are for ſin,
And ſo in Truth they ever yet have been.
He's troubl'd more at ſin becauſe of guilt,
Than at the *Odium* of its curſed filth.
When he's abroad amongſt Religious Men,
Preciſe and Zealous he is always then:
But when amongſt ſuch who ungodly be,
He ſuits himſelf to their vile company.
Some ſins are left which *Men* condemn as groſs,
Yet one he keeps, and hugs it very cloſe:

Lust doth bear rule and much prodominate,
And he on it doth love to ruminate.
'Tis shame an outward fear doth him restrain,
Or else the act he would commit again.
If he from outward blots can keep his Name,
That Saints can't him accuse nor justly blame,
He's satisfied, and very well content,
Though to his Peace I never gave consent.
Peace he oft-times doth speak unto his Soul,
And scarce will suffer me him to controul.
When I sometimes do catch him in a lye,
And do reprove him for Hypocrisie:
To stop my Mouth he vowes he will with speed
Amend what is amiss, and take more heed.
And more than this of him I could relate,
And shew how you have hit his present state:
But that he will not suffer me to speak,
He blinds my eyes, that so I might not rake
Into his heart and life, lest he thereby
Meet with great shame for his iniquity.

Truth.

Conscience, forbear, you need not to inlarge;
If you do lay these things unto his charge,
He is undone, alas! his precious Soul
Is under wrath; who can enough condole
His sad estate! the Gospel he'l professs,
But still remains i'th gall of bitterness.
Is this the Saint which seemed so precise,
And did appear God's Statutes much to prize?

A

A Saint in shew, a Devil in his heart;
And must with Devils also have his part.
The day is coming, and is very near,
When Hypocrites shall be surpriz'd with fear;
The everlasting burning fiery Lake
Is made more hot on purpose for their sakes
But since you are not fear'd, nor I yet gone,
Before we leave him quite do you go on:
Let us pursue him still, for who doth know
What God may yet upon his Spirit do?
If God grant him one dram of saving Grace,
That will yet do; though 'tis a doubtful case,
Whether or no God will his Grace afford
To such as he, who thus offend the Lord,
For such whom Satan doth this way deceive,
'Tis hard to bring them truly to believe.
He never was convinced thorowly,
Of Sin, and of his nat'ral misery.
His lost estate he truly never saw,
Nor what it is for to transgress God's Law.
How he's undone thereby he never knew,
Nor what for sin original is due.
And as he did for sin ne're kindly bleed;
So of a Christ he never saw the need.
Th' absolute want and great necessity
Of Jesus Christ, he never did espy.
But on false bottoms he has built 'tis clear;
I do conjure you therefore to declare
Him utterly unclean from top to toe,
And let him understand you are his Foe.

The Plague is in his head, and no place free,
But in his heart it rages vehemently.
Lance him unto the quick, and make him feel,
Lay on ſuch blows as may cauſe him to reel.

Conſcience.

Come, come, O Young man, liſten unto me,
I will no longer thus deceived be.
I from God's Word Commiſſion have anew,
To tell the what is like for to enſue;
For all thy hopes and ſeeming goodly ſhow,
Thou art a wretched ſinner thou doſt know.
Think'ſt thou on *Conſcience* to commit a Rape,
And yet God's dreadful vengeance to eſcape?
Dar'ſt thou again under a new diſguiſe,
Encounter with thy former Enemies?
You are the ſame I'm ſure although you have
Changed your Coat, poor Mortals to deceive,
Ungodly wretch! doſt thou not dread my Name.
VVho'm come once more againſt thee to proclaim
A ſecond VVar, and to declare alſo,
God's ſtill thy Enemy and bitter Foe.
His Sword is whet, his Bow he'l alſo bend,
To cut down thoſe that do like thee offend.
Nought he hates more than vile Hypocriſy,
And from his Preſence, Youth, thou canſt not fly.

Youth.

Conſcience, be ſtill, though I a ſinner be,
There's none doth know it now ſave only thee.

Con-

Conscience.

Deceived Soul! doth none know it but I?
Where's the great God, is he not also nigh?
Dost think, vain Youth, the interposing Cloud
From God's all-searching Eye can be a shroud?
Or dost thou think God's Seat is so on high,
That he cannot thy inward thoughts espy?
None know't but me! know'st thou not who I am?
Have I not pow'r for to accuse, and damn?
Should I be still, it would be a sad day,
Unless thy sins were purged clean away.
And whilst I speak, and thou dost stop thine Ear,
Nothing but war and Tumults thou wilt hear.
I'le never side with thee, nor take thy part,
Whilst horrid guilt remains in thy base heart.
Nor would I mind thy flattery or frown,
Wert thou the highest Prince of great'st Renown,
That ever did on Earth a Scepter sway,
Before thy face I would thy evils lay.
At th' Tmallest sin be sure I can't connive;
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to strive,
For where I am an enemy indeed,
I'le plague that heart until I make it bleed.
A close and secret Foe, Young man, am I,
Who am also with thee continually.
What e're you think or speak, yea, act or do,
Of it (poor Soul) I very well do know:
Thy secret Lust, and what is done i'th' night,
Which thou ashamed art should come to light,

I then am nigh and know it very well,
And more than this I am reſolv'd to tell;
I unto thee ſhall prove an Enemy,
When thou art brought into Adverſity;
When death and ſickneſs comes, then thou ſhalt (ſee
How thou with horror ſhalt amazed be.
Then my black Bill againſt thee will be large,
For then againſt thee I will bring a Charge,
Which will make thy ſad face like Aſhes look,
And wound thy Soul as if a Knife was ſtruck
into thy very heart, and make thee mourn,
And curſe the day that ever thou waſt born.
I'le make thee underſtand (clearly) i'th' end,
What 'tis (vile wretch) poor *Conſcience* to offend.
Heark once again, for I have more to ſay;
When this life's ended, there's another day.
Look now about thee. Youth, for there's to come,
The black, the dark, and dreadful day of Doom.
When thou doſt dye, I'le bite and ſting thy Soul,
Whilſt that in flames doth burn and doth condole
Its damned ſtate for yielding unto ſin,
Which has alone the ruine of it bin.
And alſo when i'th' Judgement Day you ſtand
Amongſt the Goats at Jeſus Chriſt's left hand,
Thy dreadful ſtate and tryal for to hear,
Then I againſt thee ſtraitway muſt appear;
Yea; and ſhall ſpeak more plain than now I can,
Becauſe I'me clouded by the Fall of Man;
And am by Satan oftentimes miſled,
And utterly unable rendred

A true and right deciſion for to make,
He ſo beguiles me that I do miſtake,
And a wrong Judgement oftentimes retain,
Till *Truth* ſets me into the right again.
But Satan then ſhall no more power have.
The heart of any Man for to deceive.
I in that day ſhall you provoke and urge,
For to confeſs with ſhame before the Judge,
Thy evil Luſt and cloſe Hypocriſie,
Unto thy own Eternal miſery.
I ſhall accuſe thee ſo in that great Day.
Thou ſhalt not have one word (Young man) to ſay,
Thy inward parts ſo opened then ſhall be,
That nothing ſhall be hid i'th' leaſt from me,
And I before the dreadful Judge ſhall ſhow,
All ſecret things that ever you did do;
And in your face ſo fiercely alſo fly,
That you with horror ſhall be forc'd to cry,
Guilty, guilty, O Lord! then thou muſt hear
The dreadful Sentence, which no one can bear;
Go, go, ye Curſed! that's a word of ire,
And you muſt down into Eternal fire,
Where Hypocrits and Unbelievers lye,
Broyling in pain to all Eternity.
And as the fire evermore will burn,
And thou from thence ſhalt never more return:
So alſo I ſhall then affl ct thy Soul,
Whilſt thou in ſcalding Sulphur flames doſt roul,
I like a Worm, or Serpent, then will bite,
And gnaw thy ſoul, thou curſed Hypocrite.

Thoſe

Those inward stings which always thou wilt find,
Or cruel gnawings in thy tortur'd mind,
Will then increase and aggravate thy woe,
In such a sort there is no Tongue can show.
You then will think how you did me abuse,
And my good Counsel utterly refuse.
And how you labour'd to put out my Light,
Who in God's paths would lead your feet aright.
Your base delays and put-offs you'l repent,
And that your time so foolishly was spent.
That you for love which unto Lust you bore,
Should lose your Soul, and that for evermore.
To think how near you were unto Salvation,
Will prove another grievous aggravation:
To bid so fair for Heaven, yet to miss;
What greater trouble can there be than this?
To see the Ship i'th' mouth o'th' Haven lost,
That doth, ye know, perplex the Merchant most.
I'le tell you also how you wilfully
Brought on your self that dreadful misery:
And how I did oft times to you declare
The bitter torments which you then must bear:
And what your Pride and Lust would bring you to,
If you did not resolve to let them go.
Ah! thou wilt see how thou art quite undone,
And how all hopes for evermore are gone.
Thoughts of those golden Seasons once you had,
And vainly lost, will then be very sad.
Thou might'st, hadst thou improv'd the means of Grace,
Beheld with Saints God's reconciled face

And

And enter'd Paradise, where Angels sing
Anthems of Joy to the Eternal King:
Thou might'st have sung to him melodious Psalms
With those whose hands shall bear triumphant Palms,
Who with Eternal love shall ravish'd be,
Reigning with Christ to all Eternity.
Heav'n is a place whose glory doth excel;
The thousandth part of it no tongue can tell.
Man's heart (*Truth says*) cannot i'th'least conceive
What those shall have who truly do believe.
Who would lose Christ and his immortal treasure,
For one base Lust and moments time of pleasure?
But if what's said of heaven will not invite thee,
Then let hell-torments with black vengeance fright thee,
And make thee yield to *truth* without delays,
Before God put's a period to thy days.
As Eye can neither see, nor Tongue express
The glory which God's Saints in heav'n possess:
So ther's no Man which can conceive the woe,
That Souls shut up in hell do undergo.
If Men could number all the Stars of Heaven
Or count the Dust which with the wind is driven,
Or tell the drops of waters in the Seas,
Or count the Sands; then might a man with ease
Declare the nature of that dreadful pain,
Which damned Souls for ever must sustain.
But Stars, nor Dust, nor drops, nor Sands can be
Number'd by any man, neither can he
Express the nature of God's dreadful ire,
Which Souls lye under in Eternal fire.

In

In Hell all's darkness, not one beam of Light:
What's greater sorrow than Eternal Night?
In Hell all's Death, and yet there is no dying,
Nought there is heard but a most hideous crying,
Their pains end not, from it there's no exemption,
Their cries admit no help, there's no redemption,
Nor none to pity them, nor hear their groans,
Whilst they do make their lamentable moans.
The Lord who dy'd will then rejoyce to see,
Vengeance pour'd forth upon those Souls that be
Vessels of Wrath, who for rejecting Grace
Must have their portion in that doleful place.
No Earthly pain or torment can declare
The woful Anguish which the Damned bear:
For if those Plagues could be defin'd by Men,
Infinite punishment 'twould not be then.
Infinite Wrath it is to satisfie;
And God be sure, will Justice magnifie.
Didst thou but hear the groans and hideous cry
Of Sou's condemned to Eternity,
How would it scare, and cause thy Heart to ake,
And every limb of thee tremble and quake!
Think, think on this, before the time doth come
That God doth pass on thee thy final Doom,

Truth.

What say'st thou now? how canst thou sleep in (peace,
Until these inward gripes of *Conscience* cease?
How canst thou think i'th' least thy state is good,
When Conscience swels & makes so great a flood?

Or

Or raiſes ſtorms and tempeſts in thy breaſt?
Becauſe of ſin he will not let thee reſt,
Come, make a ſearch, *Conſcience* is not miſled,
The very Truth before you he has ſpread.
What will you do at death and Judgement day,
If *Conſcience* thus you ſlight and diſobey?
Make peace with God, for worſer are his cryes,
Than if ten thouſand witneſſes ſhould riſe
Againſt thy Soul; 'twill be a dreadful thing
To have thy Conſcience then to bite and ſting.

Youth.

Some comfort, *Truth*, alas my Soul doth melt,
Such gripes as theſe what Man has ever felt?
I have ſome doubt my ſtate is very nought,
And that Converſion is not truly wrought.
My heart condemns me, and doth me reprove;
'Tis thou alone which canſt my grief remove.

Truth.

Before you have a Plaiſter for your ſore,
Your wound muſt yet be ſearch'd a little more:
If ſlightly heal'd only for preſent eaſe,
The Remedy's as bad as the Diſeaſe.
Doſt know what time thou didſt this wound receive
'Tis worſer far, I fear, than you believe:
'Tis deep, it ſtinks, yea, and 'tis venomous;
And doth expoſe thee to God's dreadful Curſe.
The ſting or dart ſticks faſt too in thy Liver,
Which doth thy ſmart and bitter pains procure.

Thy

Thy ſtate is bad, thou haſt thy mortal wound,
No Limb, or any part of thee is ſound;
If thou couldſt live, and never more offend,
Yet by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd:
If from all actual ſin you ſhould be clear,
Yet by the Law you ſtill moſt guilty are
Of former Crimes, Treaſon and Felony,
And juſtice doth aloud for Vengeance cry,
Nor will ſhe pardon or reprieve give forth
To any Sinner living on the Earth,
Againſt thee too the Sentence is forth gone,
And th' Day of Execution doth draw on:
Nought is between thee and eternal Death;
But ſome ſhort hours of uncertain breath:
Sin is ſo vile, and Juſtice ſo ſevere,
That in the leaſt 'twould not *Chriſt Jeſus* ſpare;
But Juſtice he muſt fully ſatisfie,
Who came to be man's bleſt Security.
And ſince in Chriſt thou haſt no ſhare nor part,
See what a ſelf-condemned Soul thou art.

Youth.

O curſed Sin! is this my ſad condition.
Truth I believe hath made a right deciſion.
I have my Soul deceived all along,
Though in my heart Convictions oft were ſtrong.
Oh! horrid Luſt, and baſe deceitful Devil.
Is this the fruit of your ſweet-pleaſing evil?
And thou falſe World what art thou now to me?
For I alas! am ruined by thee.

O

O whether shall I fly? what path untrod
For to escape th' incensed wrath of God?
Will none for me some secret place provide,
Where I from flaming Vengeance close may hide?

Truth.

Vain is all this, for none can find a place
To hide from God (such is thy bitter case)
If to the ends of all the Earth you fly,
Vengeance will you pursue with *Huy* and *Cry*.
If you should take a sudden hasty flight,
To seek some shelter in the shades of Night;
'Twould also fail thee, though it should be done:
For unto God Darkness and Light is one.
Or, if thou couldst some solid Rock espy,
To hide thee from God's dreadful Majesty,
Can Rocks, dost think, prevent, yea, or restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not fly in twain?
There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave
Which can from Vengeance shelter thee or save.
The Sea would part, the hardest Rock will split:
Where Justice aims, her fiery Darts must hit.
Canst thou escape? alas! what place is there
To hide from him who's present ev'ry where?

Youth.

Oh *Truth*! what shall I do, how can I stand,
Or bear these Tortures of God's heavy hand?
My Spirit may infirmities sustain,
But who can bear this inward cutting pain?

Is

Is there no help, no Salve to heal my VVound?
What, no Physician for me to be found?
Will Tears nor Prayers no help at all afford,
Watchings, Fastings, nor hearing of the Word?
Or if that I could live and sin no more,
O what is sin, and what's my Gangrene sore?
O what's the nature of iniquity,
If nought my soul can cleanse or purifie?
Rivers of Oyl, much Gold, or Earthly Wealth.
Will not redeem my Soul, nor purchase health.
Ah! I am lost! the cause is truly so,
I am undone, and know not what to do!
Have you no word of Comfort now for me?
Oh! must I dye in this extremity?

Truth.

Dost find thy self sick at the very heart?
And doth my searchings make thy Wounds to smart
Doth sin, as sin, upon thy Spirit ly?
And doth its weight and burden make thee cry?
Dost know thy wound is Epidemical?
And that for thee there is no help at all
By Law nor Levite? dost thou see thy loss,
And thy own Righteousness to be but dross)

Youth.

I know not what to say, I am in doubt
Some sin is hid, which yet I can't find out.
My heart is deep and very traiterous;
Every day I find it worse and worse

I grieve for ſin, and yet I am in dread
That I in ſin am greatly hardened.
Yet this, O *Truth*, I hope is wrought in me,
Sin I do hate as 'tis Iniquity.
I would not Chriſt offend nor grieve again,
Were there no Hell or place of future pain:
O that e're I againſt the Lord ſhould ſin,
Who has to me ſo good and gracious bin!
Againſt the Lord, againſt the Lord alone,
Have I this horrid evil often done.
Oh! I do ſee that I in ſin am dead,
And my iniquity's gone o're my head
As a great burden which I cannot bear,
Oh! that I might but of a Saviour hear,
All my own Righteouſneſs I prize no more
Than ſtinking refuſe of a Common-ſhore.

Truth.

Come Youth, chear up, if this be ſo indeed,
I tell thee then Chriſt for thy Soul did bleed.
Glad tydings now I unto thee do bring,
There's Mercy for thee in the Heav'nly King.
Chriſt to appeaſe God's VVrath did hither come,
And I am ſent by him to call thee home.
Riſe up, riſe up, his blood for to apply,
And thou ſhalt ſoon be healed perfectly.

Youth.

Ah! could I but believe what thou doſt ſay
Unto my Soul, 'twould be a joyful day.

Alas! on me a mighty burden lies,
I cannot ſtir, nor power have to riſe.
Can *Lazarus*, who in the grave doth lye,
Death's cruel Fetters and ſtrong Bands unty?
Can he awake? what power has he to ſtrive,
When dead, and ſtinks? alas! he can't revive,
Although dead but four days: then how ſhall I,
Who have lay'n dead in my iniquity
Ever ſince *Adam* (as it plain appears)
Which is indeed above five thouſand years?
Jehovah which at firſt my heart did make,
Muſt by his Pow'r it into pieces take;
That ſo he may create my heart a-new,
E're good from Chriſt doth to my Soul accrue,
'Tis he muſt give me pow'r to will and do,
And raiſe me up, e're I can creep or go.

Truth.

Though that be true, yet hearken unto me,
And take the Counſel which I'le give to thee?
And thou ſhalt find, as ſure as God's above,
He will thy Fears and all thy Doubts remove,
And raiſe thee up out of the empty Pit,
And on a Rock alſo ſtill ſet thy feet.
Firſt thing of all which to you I commend,
Be ſure you don't your Conſcience more offend,
Do not grieve that, but always take great care
In every thing to prove your ſelf ſincere.
He that in Morals walks not faithfully,
No marvel 'tis if Chriſt do paſs him by.

n ev'ry Nation thoſe accepted are,
Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear!
Thoſe who do follow on to know the Lord,
He will to them his ſaving help afford.
I do exhort you in the ſecond place,
For to attend upon all means of grace,
Do not neglect to hear God's bleſſed Word,
But prize each ſeaſon which the precious Lord
Is pleas'd in Mercy on you to beſtow,
For unto you thereby much good will flow.
My third advice make uſe of ſpeedily,
Lift up your voice unto the Lord on high!
Pour forth your Soul to him both night and day,
And you'l prevail, though he at firſt ſay nay.
Though you at firſt may with repulſes meet,
Your Soul yet proſtrate at *Jehovah's* feet.
He's full of bowels, long he can't refrain
E're he comes forth to eaſe you of your pain.
Thy Prayers, and Tears, and ſpiritual contrition,
Will move his heart to ſend thee a Phyſician,
Who will apply a Plaiſter to thy wound,
Which will hereafter ever make thee ſound,
Chriſt's blood will heal, 'twill cleanſe and puriſy,
If now the ſame by Faith you do apply.
Such grief is thine, no Medicine will do good,
Nor heal thy Soul, but thy dear Saviour's blood.
The good *Samaritan* will caſt a look,
Though thou of Prieſt and Levite art forſook!
Into thy Wounds he'l pour in Oyl and VVine,
The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine.

O Cry to God, my sister *Grace* to send,
'Tis she at last will prove thy special Friend.
If God is pleased but to send her down,
Thy head with Glory she will straightway crown.
But here I'le advertise thee first of all,
Be sure you do for the right Sister call:
For there are two and both of one Sir-name,
The one is lovely fair, the other lame,
The one is common, th' other chast and pure,
And will be true to thee thou mayst be sure.
The one will dwell where sin predominates,
The other loaths, and bitterly it hates,
And makes a thorow-change where she doth dwell,
And will all filth out of that heart expel,
Where she doth take up her sure resting-place;
Rare is the nature of true saving Grace.
Thy stubborn will she'l make for to submit,
And thy affections change as she thinks fit.
Thy heart she can new mould, and make it soft,
And will bring down each high and sinful thought.
The Old-man she will into pieces tear,
She'l cut and kill, and nothing will she spare
That's opposite unto the Prince of Light,
She'l put the Devil to a speedy flight;
She'l make him leave his strongest hold, and run,
And quite forsake his former Garrison.
She'l take no pity on the Old-man's Age,
She'l pay him off for all his wrath and Rage,
And cursed Malice, Pride and every sin,
Which of long time he has the Author bin,

'Tis she can work upon the Covetous,
And change his heart to keep an open-house,
To give and to distribute of his store
To th' cloathing and refreshing of the Poor.
'Tis she brings down the proud and lofty mind,
Which nat'rally was to that vice inclin'd.
'Tis she can tame the wild strong-headed Youth,
And make the Lyar always tell the truth.
'Tis she which makes the froward very meek,
And the revengeful not revenge to seek.
'Tis she which quenches Young-mens lustful fire,
And makes them to disdain that base desire.
'Tis she will make thy Soul for to defie
Each *Dalilah* and all Hypocrisie.
She's like to Oyl and Wine, and will give peace
And inward joy, which never more shall cease.
'Tis she must put Christ's blessed Robes on thee,
And bring thy Soul out of Captivity.
'Tis she must thee adorn and beautifie,
And make thee lovely in Christ Jesus Eye.
Oh! she'l inflame thy Soul with precious love
To Christ alone, which none shall e're remove.
'Tis she which tyes that conjugal blest knot,
Which can't be broke, nor ever be forgot.
'Tis she that makes Christ and the Saints but one,
And makes them of his very flesh and bone.
'Tis she will help thee in this time of need,
Yea, a Disciple will make thee indeed.
And this to thee also I must declare,
Thou of this *Grace* shalt have a part and share.

Since 'twas for thee thy precious Lord did die,
He can't thy Soul of saving Grace deny;
Give him no rest, 'till more he doth give forth,
For to compleat in thee the second Birth,
Be earnest with him, strive to hold him fast,
And thou, like *Jacob*, wilt prevail at last.
Though he at first may seem to stop his Ear,
Yet importunity will make him hear.
Thy time I'm sure it is the time of love,
And thy deep wounds will make him from above
To pity thee, and for to cast an eye,
As thou polluted in thy blood dost lye;
What e're is needful to thee, he will give,
And raise thee up to life, and make thee live;
Yea, manifest to thee such consolation,
As for to cloath thee with his own salvation.
Come, make a tryal, and do not despair,
Look up to Heaven, Soul, thy help is there,

Youth.

Thy Counsel I resolve to take with speed,
If 'twas for me Christ on the cross did bleed;
I will send up a sigh, a bitter groan,
And earnestly implore his gracious Throne.
Most Holy God, who dwellest in the light!
Ah! What am I before thee in thy sight?
Wilt thou attend, or listen to my Cry?
Thou know'st my grief, and where my pain doth lye,
Canst thou not ease my deeply wounded Soul,
Who in my blood am forc'd to lye and roul?

Is there no Balm in Gilead, *is there none?*
Into dark silence then, Lord, I'le be gone.
Where are thy Bowels, is thy Mercy fled?
Lord, think upon the Blood Christ Jesus shed;
If thou can't heal my Soul of all its grief,
Then let me perish without all relief.
Why were thy sides pierced? Lord Jesus, why?
Didst suffer for thy own iniquity?
There was no sin, I'me sure, nor guilt in thee
That caus'd thy pains; didst thou not die for me?
Didst thou not Justice fully satisfie,
And pay the Debt? Must I in Prison lye,
When Restitution's made in th' highest degree?
Oh! come and set my Soul at liberty,
Knock off these bolts and chains, and bring me forth
Out of this pit, deep Mire, and bands of Death.
Lord, must I bleed? did I not bleed before
In thy sad Wounds? can Justice challenge more?
O! shall my heart-strings break? my Soul doth groan:
I languish, Lord, whilst thou stand'st looking on.
Lord, dost thou hear the Ravens when they cry?
And wilt thou not my present wants supply?
Wilt thou the door of Mercy ne're unlock?
Lord, *open unto me, now I do knock.*
O *Son of* David, *help; think on thy Word,*
And unto me some Mercy, Lord, *afford.*

Jesus.

What voice is this? who is't that makes this cry?
What sinful Wretch is in extremity,
That thus implores for help, and follows me?
That takes no nay, although I silent be?

Youth.

Lord, 'tis a poor dejected piece of Earth,
That is undone, and sighs for a new birth.

Jesus.

Was I not sent only to Jacob's *race?*
How com'st thou then to have so bold a face
To importune me, when ye know full well
You are not of the stock of Israel?
Come you not of the curs'd Gentile *seed?*
Be gone from me, and further don't proceed.

Youth.

Ah help, dear Lord, and some compassion show
For to whom else, or whither can I go?

Jesus.

Is't meet that I should give to Dogs that Bread,
With which the Children should be nourished?

Youth.

True, Lord, that I do grant, and ever shall,
Yet may the Dogs eat up those Crums which fall
Fro m

From their own Master's Table: though a whelp,
Lord, look on me, O precious Saviour, help.

Jesus.

What ailest thou, poor Soul, what's thy condition
Which makes thee shed these tears of sad contrition?

Youth.

My grief, my pain, and great extremitie,
Lord, thou dost know, and all my wants dost see,
Ah! I have sinn'd, and am so vile and base,
I hate my self, and loath my present case.
I am a lump of filth, wholly unclean,
A viler Creature there has never been.
I languish, Lord, my wounds they are not small:
And I have wounded thee, that's worst of all.

Jesus.

Come, cease thy grief, what is't thou dost desire?
My Soul doth melt, my heart is set on fire,
My bowels yearn, I longer can't refrain
From tears, as well as thee I am in pain:
Thy wounds afflict me, and thy bitter cry
Doth pierce my heart, I know thy misery.
What is it, Soul? speak forth thy mind to me;
What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee?
Come, ope thy heart to me, for I am nigh
Thy suit to grant, thy wants for to supply.

Youth.

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleasures here,
Nor Honours, which by men so prized are,
Nor length of days, Lord, do I seek or crave,
'Tis something else my Soul doth long to have.
The Earth's a blast, and all the World's a bubble:
There's nothing in't can ease me of my trouble.
Such is my state, nought but thy hand can save,
'Tis thou must raise dead *Laz'rus* from the grave.
Knock off these bolts, and set thy Prisoner free,
And give thy grace (Lord Jesus) unto me,
My fainting Spirit comfort and refresh,
O spare my Soul, but crucifie the flesh;
Compleat thy Work (Lord Jesus) on my heart,
And thy own Righteousness to me impart.
There's nought, I see, will do me any good,
Save the dear Merit of thy precious Blood.
My bleeding Soul will faint away and die,
If thou dost not thy Blood with speed apply.
How has my panting breast sent many groan,
With bitter tears up to thy gracious Throne,
For one sweet look and aspect of thine Eye?
There's nothing else which will me satisfie:
Oh! manifest thy Love unto my Soul,
For that will cure me, and soon make me whole.
My gasping Soul's dissolved into tears, (fears;
Whiles pleas'd with hopes, and yet possess'd with
My great request, alas! is only this,
Come seal thy Love to me with a sweet kiss:

For

For nought is there in Earth, nor Heaven a bove,
Which I esteem or value like thy Love.
A Promise grant, some word to lie upon,
Before my life and little hopes are gone.
My Soul's afraid, and trembles thou dost see,
Because I know how I unworthy be:
Ah! I have made thee bleed, I am so vile;
Thy frowns I do deserve but not one smile.
How did I grieve and put thy Soul to pain!
The thoughts of it doth cut my heart in twain,
Thy Messengers, how did my Soul refuse!
And my poor Conscience wickedly abuse,
Who did receive Commission from above,
Either to clear, or sharply to reprove!
I unto *Truth* oft-times turn'd a deaf ear,
And unto *Satan* rather did adhere.
I slighted thee, and sin I did embrace,
Which shames me greatly to look in thy face.
If thou shouldst pardon such a one as I,
And save my Soul to all Eternity,
And me embrace in a contract of love,
And all thy wrath for ever quite remove:
It would be Grace and Love beyond degree,
And such which never can expressed be.
O, wilt thou speak again! dear Saviour do,
A Promise, Lord, or I'le not let thee go.

Jesus.

What Faith hast thou, poor soul, canst thou believe,
And stedfastly my benefits receive?

Do

Do'st think that I have power and a heart
To save, to help, and free thee from thy smart?

Youth.

My Faith, alas! is weak, O send relief!
Lord, I believe, O help my unbelief!
That precious Voice which I did lately hear,
Will soon remove my doubts and all my fear.
If Love as well as pity thou dost show,
'Twill give me joy, and take away my woe.
But thou may'st, Lord, my Soul commiserate,
And yet may I be in a dying state.
Over *Jerusalem* thou didst lament,
Who had no saving Grace for to repent.
Is there in thee such bowels of compassion,
As to bestow thy Self and thy Salvation
On such a Worm as I, whose wounded breast
Is heavy loaded, and would fain have rest?
O help, dear Lord; my fainting Soul will die,
Without an answer from thee speedily.

Jesus.

Look up to me, and see my Love descending.
'Tis from Eternity, and has no ending.
Canst thou have more, dear Soul? thou hast my heart;
What e're is mine, to thee I will impart.
Thy scarlet sins are washed quite away,
Not one of them unto thy charge I'le lay.
Pull up thy drooping heart, be of good chear,
Thy sins, though ne're so great, forgiven are.

I able

I able am to save to th' uttermost
All those who do in me put all their trust.
Those which do come to me, I in no wise
Will cast them out, therefore lift up thine eyes:
Behold my hands and feet, and do not doubt,
For I have washt and cleans'd thy Soul throughout.
Thy debts I've paid, and quitted the old score;
Thy former faults I'le ne're remember more.
Enter the Royal Fort, thou hast obtain'd
Th' fountain of pleasure, holy love unstain'd:
Take up thy Lodging in Eternal Love,
What's here below? thy treasure is above.
Chear up, poor heart, I tell thee thou art mine,
My blood was shed to save that Soul of thine:
With endless joys thy Soul I'le satisfie,
And in my Bosom ever shalt thou lie.
In my enfolded Arms I now thee take,
And do engage I'le never thee forsake.
In th' fire and in the water I'le be neer,
And help thee through all grief and troubles here:
Yea, I'le be with thee always to the end,
And Death at last I'le cause to be thy Friend;
And make its passage also unto thee
Only an entrance to felicity.
Rivers of Pleasures thou shalt have to th' brim,
Wherein the Prophets and Apostles swim,
And with great Glory thou shalt crowned be,
And on the Throne sit down also with me.
World, Death, nor Devil ever shall remove
My heart from thee, for those I truly love,

I love

I love to th' end: Ah! Soul, 'tis thou ſhalt lie
In my own Arms to all Eternity.

Youth.

Darkneſs is gone, day-light begins to ſpring,
Heavens melody I find's the ſweeteſt thing.
The Sun is riſen now, it is broke forth,
And glorioufly enlightens my dark earth.
My Soul is raviſh'd with this joyful ſiight,
Yea, and diſſolv'd with Love and true delight:
My heart is melted with Cœleſtial fire,
And has obtain'd at length it's own deſire,
My frozen Soul muſt needs run down amain,
Which ſuch hot beams from *Jeſus* doth obtain:
The door is open'd, Chriſt has giv'n a knock
Has made it fly, and has diſſolv'd the rock.
My heart which was ſo hard is made to yield,
Chriſt has o'recome me now and won the field.
The war is ceas'd between the Lord and I.
A Peace is made to all Eternity.
What joy is this! Ah, 'tis beyond all meaſure:
There's nothing like to inward joy and pleaſure.
As was my burden, ſo I find my reſt,
O that was great! and this can't be expreſt.
What heart can taſte of theſe tranſcendent joys,
And not account Earth's pleaſures empty toys!
Such is the nature of a ſecond birth;
Makes Heav'n on Earth, turns ſorrow into mirth.
Once was I blind, ſenſeleſs, bewitch'd; nay, mad,
I thought in Chriſt no comfort could be had:

Religion

Religion was, I thought, a fooliſh thing,
Which could no pleaſure nor no profit bring.
I thought Profeſſors greatly were miſled,
When I beheld what things they ſuffered:
But I am now convinc'd of my miſtake,
For I my ſelf could, for Chriſt Jeſus ſake,
Any deriſion or Affliction bear;
Such inward peace in him, and joy is there.
What man would not all earthly glory ſlight,
For one ſmall dram, or taſte of ſuch delight?
To have Chriſt's love, and in his boſom lie,
Yields true content, and ſweet felicitie.
Ah happy I, I live! my Soul's involv'd,
In ſecret raptures, ſighs to be diſſolv'd,
And be with Chriſt my home and reſting place,
For to enjoy and ſee him face to face.
And in the int'rim, Lord, whilſt here I ſtay,
I faithfully will do what thou doſt ſay.
And help, me Lord, thy praiſe for to declare
Unto all precious Children far and near.
O help me to lift up my voice on high!
Let joyful *Hallelujahs* pierce the sky.
And eccho back again, reſound on Earth,
Since thou haſt wrought in me the ſecond birth:
Let me with the Cœleſtial Angels ſing,
And make thy Praiſes round the World to ring!
Thou'ſt brought my Soul out of the loweſt Pit,
And in the paths of *Sion* ſet my feet!
Thou haſt from Darkneſs brought me into Light,
And to mine eye: thou haſt reſtored ſight!

Nay

Nay, haſt my Soul ſav'd from Eternal death,
And ſhall not I thy praiſes, Lord, ſing forth?
O let my tongue, my heart, and life make known
The favour, Lord, which to me thou haſt ſhown!
Let me aloft, by thy beſt Grace, aſpire
To ſound thy praiſe with the Cœleſtial Quire.
With ſwift wing'd *Cherubims*, Lord, let me joyn,
To magnifie that glorious Name of thine.
Let not remainders of the fleſh diſturb
My precious peace that's new: O do thou curb,
Yea, kill and crucifie each evil thought,
With vengeance let thoſe Rebels down be brought,
And let me on the Earth live all my days
Unto thy Glory and tranſcendent praiſe.
And then, great God, when theſe ſhort days are o're,
With *Seraphims* I'le ſing for evermore,

Truth.

What Melody and triumph do I hear?
Whoſe voice is this that ſoundeth in mine ear?
What Eagle-ey'd Soul's this that ſoars on high,
That with ſwift wings aloft doth mount and fly;
And in Eternal love ſeems to lie down,
Adorn'd with Grace, and raviſh'd with the Crown
Of inward Peace? that taketh up its reſt
At Jeſus Chriſt's ſweet ſatisfying breaſt,
And breaking forth in raptures, can't expreſs,
As he would do, his humble thankfulneſs?

Youth

Youth.

'Tis I, bleſt *Truth*, the Conqueſt now is won,
Grace has prevail'd, I am the Conquer'd one:
My Grief is turn'd to joy, yea and my night
Is alſo chang'd into Eternal Light.
Thy power's great when *Grace* doth work with thee,
Ye ſoon do then obtain the Victory.
Bleſt be the day that ever thou wert ſent,
To change my heart, and move me to repent.
Dear love to thee, O *Truth*, I ſhall retain,
So long as I upon the Earth remain.
I'le keep thee cloſe, and hide thee in my heart,
For thou more precious than rich jewels art.
I'le loſe my All before I'le part with thee,
So much I love and prize thy company.
Though Satan ſtir up foes never ſo cruel,
Devils nor Men ſhall rob me of this Jewel.
I am reſolv'd a thouſand deaths to dy,
Before I will God's bleſſed truth deny.
Though of Deceivers there's a multitude,
Yet none of them ſhall my poor Soul delude.
Though they do thee reproach, ſlight and contemn,
I by Exper'ence can refute all them,
Who ſay thy words nought but dead letters are,
Which men may burn, or into pieces tare:
The out-ſide of the Book they only ſee,
Who thus do ſpeak reproachfully of thee:
For did they but thy inward power know,
They'd never ſpeak, as oftentimes they do:

But ſoon they would God's written word extol,
Above that Light which they cry up in all.
The Light which *Conſcience* unto me doth give,
I'le always own as long as I do live,
But from God's word doth its chief light deſcend;
Therefore the Holy Scriptures I'le commend:
For had we not God's Word to light our hearts,
The Heathens which do live in Forreign parts,
Who never heard of Chriſt, might underſtand
As much as any do in this our Land,
Alas! we ſhould have been unto this day,
In all reſpects as ignorant as they.
But I'le forbear, becauſe I muſt with ſpeed
Attend upon God's Truth with care and heed,
To hear what will he ſay; O *Truth* wilt thou
Concerning me ſhew forth thy Judgments now!
I do intreat thee prove me thoroughly,
For ſtill I do retain a jealouſie
Over my heart, becauſe that I have ſeen
How I deceived oftentimes have been.

Truth

Conſcience, to thee I muſt once more deſcend,
The Controverſie thou alone muſt end:
How is it with him now? what doſt thou ſay?
Haſt any thing unto his Charge to lay?
Remember what I formerly have ſhown,
And let thy preſent thoughts with ſpeed be known,

Con-

Conſcience.

I always ready am Judgement to give,
According to the Light I do perceive,
And never was more free than now am I
My thoughts to ſhew; your ſuit I can't deny.
O Sir! the caſe is chang'd; I am his Friend.
His ſweet Condition I muſt needs commend.
Grace has ſubdu'd corruption in his heart,
That he's made clean, and waſh'd in every part;
My teſtimony you may take for truth,
He's now become a very humble Youth;
He's truly Godly, Faithful, and ſincere,
I do for him, and ſhall my witneſs bear:
All kind of Evil doth his Soul defie,
He hates above all things Hypocriſie:
Will and Affections now are changed quite,
That in the Lord alone is his delight.
There's no Command of Chriſt, not any one
That he's convinced of, but he has done:
He faithfully alſo the Lord obeys,
Without excuſes, put offs, or delays,
He grieveth moſt for ſins that ſecret are,
Which unto men do not i'th leaſt appear.
He's more in ſubſtance than he is in ſhow,
When high'ſt in joy, his heart is very low.
All his own Righteouſneſs he doth diſown,
And does rely on Jeſus Chriſt alone,
Chriſt is become ſo precious in his ſight,
He's firſt with him i'th morn, and laſt at night.

He willingly has taken up the Croſs,
And doth account what e're is his but droſs,
And parts with it moſt freely, Chriſt to gain,
Since he hath found Earth's beſt enioyments vain.
Chriſt he exalts as King i'th' higheſt degree,
And gives each Office its full dignitie.
He uſes me alſo moſt tenderly,
Becauſe he knows that my Authority
Is from above, it is for Jeſus ſake
He ſides with me, and doth reſolve to take
My part alwayes, what e'er he doth ſuſtain,
He'l rather ſuffer than would make me gain.
Chriſt has in me ſet up his bleſſed Throne,
And over me no other King he'l own:
Chriſt muſt alone in me the Scepter ſway,
And he will die before he'l give away
Chriſt's Right and Soveraignty in his dear Soul.
He is reſolv'd to ſuffer no controul,
In things alone which to me appertain,
Fear leſt thereby Chriſt's Glory he ſhould ſtain.

Truth.

Oh! happy young man! bleſſed from above,
Bleſſed with Grace, and raviſh'd with the love
Of thy Eternal Lord, in whoſe ſweet breaſt
Thou now doſt lie, and evermore ſhalt reſt.
Thy Honor's laſting, now it can't decay.
Thy treaſure's ſure, thieves cannot ſteal't away:
Thy Pleaſures are beyond thought or conceit,
And thy rare Beauty is without deceit.

Thy

Thy ſtrength, thy Wiſdom, nor thy Youth ſhall fade,
Nor canſt thou die, thou art immortal made.
Eternal Life is given unto thee,
And thou ſhalt reign to all Eternitie.

Vicinus.

There's none on Earth is able to expreſs
The inward peace this Young-man doth poſſeſs;
Whilſt to his joy he clearly doth eſpy
This bleſſed Concord, and rare Harmony:
Conſcience and *Truth* moſt ſweetly do agree,
He's free'd from bondage and Captivitie.
Chriſt's Spirit doth with *Conſcience* witneſs bear,
He's born of God, and is become an Heir
(With his dear Saviour) of Eternal bliſs:
What Conſolation can there be like this?
But whilſt thus fill'd with joy and true delight,
The Devil falls on him with all his might;
With ſtrong aſſaults, his Faith for to deſtroy,
Which much abates and mitigates his joy:
But Satan failing in his Enterprize
In one reſpect, another way he tries;
And with malicious threats he breaketh forth,
Spi'ting his venome and his helliſh wrath:
Which in ſome meaſure may to you appear,
By what immediately doth follow here.

Devil.

Heark, heark thou curſed wretch, vengeance is mine,
And I'le repay't upon that Soul of thine;

In dreadfull wrath I will contend with thee,
If thou wilt not again submit to me,
Will not my shining Glory thee invite,
Nor all my Agent fell thy Soul affright
To leave those curſed ways in which you go?
Then I le ſomeway contrive your overthrow.
Though out of your Dominions I am beat,
And forced am at preſent to retreat;
Yet I'le return like a Lyon ſtrong,
And break thy bones in peices ere't be long

Youth.

Father of Lyes, do'ſt think I dread thy frown?
'Tis paſt thy skill to throw my Glory down;
Thy head is broke, thou art a beaten Foe,
And chained up; alas! thou canſt not do
According to thy wrath and curſed ſpight,
Chriſt's Pow'r is mine, who ſtronger is in Might;
Me he'l not leave, though tempted am by thee,
Yet he knows how to help and ſuccour me.
What matter is't although thou art inraged,
When the great Pow'r of Heaven is ingaged
To ſide with me always, and takes my part?
Though thou a Lion and a Serpent art,
Yet may'ſt as ſoon the Lord of Life o'recome,
As to produce or work my final Doom,
So Long as I do for his Glory ſtand,
And am obedient to his beſt Command.

Devil

Devil.

But I have ſo much craft and ſubtilty,
That I can make the Lord thine Enemy:
Though thou do'ſt think he is become thy Friend,
I'le by temptation move thee to offend
Him ere't be long; and ſoon you will eſpy
In's anger you he'l caſt off utterly:
And then I'le tear and rend you as I liſt,
And you ſhall have no power to reſiſt.

Youth.

God has beſtow'd on me his precious Grace,
That I abhor the thoughts of giving place
To thee, O Satan, though thou doſt entice,
God will preſerve my Soul from deadly vice:
But if through weakneſs him I ſhould offend,
In Bowels he'l to me his pardon ſend.
Chriſt is my Advocate; God will paſs by
All ſins of Weakneſs and Infirmity.
Although he uſe the Rod, his precious Love
I'm ſure from me he never will remove.

Devil.

Your hopes will fail, alas! black clouds will hide
Your glorious Sun, your ſteps will quickly ſlide:
Your morning's bright, but ſoon 'twill over caſt,
And all your joy will ſcarce a moment laſt.
Though Truth *doth now thy preſent ſtate commend,*
Yet you will find the Proverb true i'th'end,

That the young Saint will an old Devil be:
You'l die and perish in Apostasie.

Youth.

Cause thou hast lost thy former happy state,
With malice thou stir'st up thy bitter hate
Against my Soul, thou shew'st thy wicked spight,
But thy vile teeth are broke, thou canst not bite.
Thou dost on me cast forth an envious frown,
Because thou hast for ever lost thy Crown.
Because thy Morning's turned into night,
Dost think thou shalt my Soul amaze and fright
With such insnaring thoughts? I thee defie;
Nothing can break that blessed band and Tie,
Or Covenant which Christ with me has made,
My standing's firm, my Crown can never fade.
He that has in my Soul this work begun,
Will finish it I'me sure e're he has done.
There's ne're a Lamb or Sheep of his dear fold,
But he will keep, he has of them such hold,
That in the midst of danger they shall stand,
And none shall pluck them out of his strong hand,
They by his Pow'r are kept in ev'ry Nation,
Till they are safely brought unto Salvation.
Upon the Rock of Ages I am placed,
And my foundation never can be razed;
Though Mountains should depart, & Hills remove,
Yet Christ will never change in his dear Love.
Nor cause his Covenant of his lasting peace
To be remov'd, nor his sweet Mercy cease,

The

The *Truth* and *Conſcience* both joyntly agree,
That the new-birth is truly wrought in me.
Th' Immortal Seed I'm ſure muſt needs bring forth
A Babe Immortal; and my Heav'nly birth
Doth ſhew to all, and clearly ſignifie,
I cannot periſh in Apoſtaſie.
The Head aud Members of one Nature are,
Or elſe Chriſt's Body a ſtrange Monſter were.
As ſure as he's in Heaven ſo ſhall I,
And reign with him to all Eternity,

Devil.

My words I ſee no place at all can find
Within the Center of thy evil mind:
I'le leave thee therefore with my dreadful Curſe,
Which is as bad as Hell, nay it is worſe
Than all the Plagues of the infernal Lake;
And let all thoſe who love me, vengeance take
Upon ſo vile a Wretch: and though I do
Forſake thee now, within a day or two
I'le come again, and wil: thy Soul torment
Till thou of thy Repentance ſhalt repent.

Youth.

O Lord, I praiſe thee for that glorious Pow'r,
Which helpt my Soul in ſuch a needfull hour
Of ſtrong aſſaults from the vile wicked one;
Thou help'ſt me to reſiſt him, and he's gone.
Therefore, dear god, be pleaſed to inflame
My heart with Grace to magnifie thy Name:

And

And when he comes again, O then be near,
And let thy *Truth* also for me appear,
Though I am young and weak, I shall thereby
Not fear th' assaults of any Enemy.
Come, speak, O *Truth*, wilt be on my side,
'Tis in thy strength still I very much confide.
Though I am feeble, thou art mighty strong;
And whilst for me, there's none can do me wrong.

Truth.

I will, dear Soul, support thee whilst on Earth,
And save thee from the rage of Hell and Death:
I will assist thee by a mighty Arm,
And keep thee day and night from hurt and harm;
And with my glitt'ring Sword cut down and slay
All cursed Enemies who thee gain-say.

Grace.

If *Truth* should fail, I will thy wants supply,
Thou need'st not doubt of my sufficiency,
Light I will be in Darkness, Joy in Grief,
And when in Trouble great, I'le bring relief.
If always thou dost on my Arm rely,
The Devil will be forc'd with speed to fly.
Never on me did any Soul depend,
But they obtain'd Deliv'rance in the end.
I'l help thy Soul through all its Christian strife,
And bring thee safe to Everlasting Life.

Conſcience

e be the *third* that will lend thee an hand,
'e'l all combine to make a triple band.
threefold Cord can't eas'ly broken be,
e be a Friend in thy Adverſitie.
here's not a Foe on Earth thou need'ſt to fear,
long as I for thee my witneſs bear,
hat thou in Truth doſt walk before the Lord,
nd that thy ways do with his Word accord.
he ev'l Foe ſhall be aſhamed qu'te,
Vhilſt faithfully thou walk'ſt up to thy Light;
nd Satan never can get any ground,
Vhilſt I declare thy heart is truly ſound,
lear up, poor Soul, I'le feaſt thee conſtantly,
nd plead for thee before the Enemy,
Iy ſweeteſt wine alſo I'le keep to th' end,
t death I will thy Soul with that befriend.
God's Word that is thy ground in every thing,
His Glory is thy aim, from thence doth ſpring
ll ſervice thou doſt do towards the Lord,
His Spirit therefore to thee he'l afford;
That doth bear witneſs for thee, ſo do I,
nd will alſo when thou do'ſt come to dy.

The Young man Experiencing Converſion truly wrought in his Soul, and that he's delivered from the Power of the tempter, breaks forth into theſe following Hymns *of Prayer and Praiſes to God.*

A Myſtical

A Myſtical Hymn of Thanſgiving.

MY Soul mounts up with Eagles wings,
And unto thee, dear God, ſhe ſings;
Since thou art on my ſide
My enemies ar forc'd to fly,
As ſoon as they do thee eſpy;
Thy name be glorify'd.
Thou makeſt Rich by making Poor:
By Poverty add ſt to my Store;
Such Grace doſt thou provide.
Thou wound'ſt as well as thou mak'ſt whole,
And heal'ſt by wounding of the Soul;
Thy name be glorify'd.
Thou mak'ſt men blind by giving ſight,
And turn'ſt their darkneſs into light:
Theſe things can't be deny'd.
Thou cloath'ſt the Soul by making bare,
And giveſt food when none is there;
Thy Name be glorify'd.
Thou killeſt by making alive,
By dying doſt the Soul revive,
Which none can do beſides;
Thou doſt raiſe up by pulling down,
And by abaſing, thou doſt Crown,
Thy Name be glorify'd.

making bitter thou mak'ſt ſweet,
d mak'ſt each crooked thing to meet
'th' Soul which thou haſt try'd:
e fruitleſs tree thou mak'ſt to grow,
d the green tree doſt overthrow;
Thy name be glorify'd.
e conquered the conqueſt gains;
being beat, the field obtains,
Which makes me therefore cry,
ord while I live upon the Earth,
nce thou haſt wrought the ſecond birth,
Thy name I'le magnify.
hou mak'ſt men wiſe, by 'coming fools;
y emptying thou fill'ſt their Souls,
Such Grace doſt thou provide:
y making weary thou giv'ſt Reſt,
hat which ſeem'd worſt, proves for the beſt;
Thy name be glorify'd.
hou art far off, and alſo neer,
nd not confin'd, but ev'ry where,
And on the clouds doſt ride.
O thou art Love, and alſo Light;
here's none can go out of thy ſight;
Thy name be magnify'd.
Lord, thou art great and alſo good,
And ſit'ſt upon the mighty flood,
By whom all hearts are try'd:
Though thou art Three, yet art but One,
And comprehended art of none:
Thy name be glorify'd

The

The Excellency of Peace of Conſcience

MY *Conſcience* is become my Friend,
And chearfully doth ſpeak to me,
And I will to his motions bend,
Although that I reproached be:
I matter not who doth revile,
Since *Conſcience* in my face doth ſmile.
My *Conſcience* now doth give me reſt,
My burden's gone, my Soul is free;
Again I would not be oppreſt
In the old bands of miſerie,
For Kingdoms, nor for Crowns of Gold,
Nor any thing which can be told.
My *Conſcience* doth with precious food,
Feed my poor Soul continually;
Its dainties alſo are ſo good,
All ſinful ſweets do I defy:
This Banquet's laſting, 'twill ſupply
My wants, and feaſt me till I die.
My *Conſcience* doth me chearfull make,
When I am much poſſeſt with grief;
And when I ſuffer for its ſake,
'Twill yield me joy and ſweet relief:
Though troubles riſe, and much increaſe,
I in my *Conſcience* ſhall have peace.
When others to the Mountains flye,
And ſore amaz'd do trembling ſtand:

place of ſhelter thee have I,
And *Conſcience* will lend me its hand
To lock me in the Chambers faſt,
ſill th'Indignation's over-paſt.
t Death, and in the Judgment Day
What would men give for ſuch a Friend?
ll thoſe which do him diſobey,
They'l it repent I'm ſure i'th' end:
When ſuch are forc'd to howl and cry,
My Soul ſhall ſing continually.

An Hymn on the ſix Principles of Chriſt's Doctrine. Heb. 6. 1, 2.

REpentance is wrought in my Soul,
And Faith for to believe;
Whereby on Jeſus I do roul,
And truely him receive
As my dread Lord and Soveraign,
Him always to obey;
And in all things o're me to reign,
And govern night and day.
Chriſt's Baptiſme it is very ſweet,
With Laying on of Hands:
My Soul is brought to Jeſus feet
In owning his Commands,
Thoſe Ordinances men oppoſe,
And count as carnal things;

A

I have

I have clos'd with, and tell't to those,
From them rare comforts spring.

My precious Lord I must obey,
Though men reproach me still;
I'le do what ever Christ doth say,
And yield unto his will.

On Christ alone I do rely,
Though men judge otherwise;
Because I can't Gods Truth deny,
I am reproach'd with lyes.

Let them deride, yet for Christ's sake
Resolved now am I,
In his own strength the Cross to take,
Yea, and for him to dye,

Before I'le ever turn my back
On him whom I do love;
For I do know I shall not lack
His presence from above.

For he has promis'd to the end,
To me he will be near;
And be to me a faithful Friend,
Which makes me not to fear.

Whatever Men or Devils do
In secret place design,
He soon can them quite overthrow,
And help this Soul of mine.

The Resurrection of the Dead
I constantly maintain;

When

When all thoſe which lie buried,
Shall riſe to life again.
And that the Judgement day will come,
When Chriſt upon the Throne
Shall paſs a black Eternal Doom,
Upon each Wicked one.
But all the Saints then joyfully
With Bowels he'l embrace,
And Crowns to all Eternity
Upon their Heads he'l place,
And in the Kingdom ſhall they reign,
Prepared long before,
And alſo ſhall with Chriſt remain,
In bliſs for evermore.

A Spiritual Hymn.

THe Sun doth now begin to ſhine,
And breaketh forth yet more and more,
Mere darkneſs was that Light of mine,
Which I commended heretofore.
I was involved in my ſin;
Had day without, but night within.
My former dayes I did compare,
Unto the ſweet and lovely Spring;
I thought That time it was as rare,
As when the chirping Birds do ſing:
But I was blind, I now do ſee
There was no Spring nor Light in me.

My Spring it was the Winter-time,
Yet, like the midſt of cold *December*;
The Sun was gone out of my Clime,
And alſo I do now remember
My heart was cold as any ſtone,
My leaves were off, and ſap was gone.
God is a Sun, a Shield alſo,
The Glory of the World is He;
True Light alone from him doth flow,
And he has now enlightned me:
The Son doth his ſweet beams diſplay,
Like to the dawning of the day.
How precious is't to ſee the Sun,
When in the morning it doth riſe,
And ſhineth in our Horizon,
To th' clearing of the cloudy Skies!
The miſty Fogs by his ſtrong Light
Are vaniſh'd quite out of our ſight.
Thus doth the Lord in my poor heart,
By his ſtrong beams and glorious rayes
The light from darkneſs clearly part,
And makes in me rare ſhining dayes.
Though fogs appear and clouds do riſe,
He doth expel them from mine eyes.
Were there no glorious Lamp above,
What dark confuſion would be here!
If God ſhould quite the Sun remove,
How would the Seaman do to ſteer!
My Soul's the world, and Chriſt's the Sun,
If he ſhines not, I am undone.

In

In Winter things hang down their head,
Until *Sol* s beams do them revive;
So I in ſin lay buried,
Till Jeſus Chriſt made me alive:
Alas my heart was Ice and Snow.
Till Sun did ſhine, and Winds did blow.
Until warm Gales of Heav'nly Wind
Did ſweetly blow, and Sun did dart
Its Light on me, I could not find
No heat within my inward part;
Then blow thou Wind and ſhine thou Sun,
To make my ſoul a lively one.
In nat'ral men there is a Light,
Which for their ſins doth them reprove;
And yet are they but in the night,
And not renewed from above:
The Moon is given (it is clear)
To guide men who in darkneſs are,
The Sun for brightneſs doth exceed
The Stars of Heaven, or the Moon;
Of them there is but little need,
When Sun doth ſhine towards high noon.
Juſt ſo the Goſpel doth excel
The Law God gave to *Iſrael.*
All thoſe who do the Goſpel ſlight,
And rather have a Legal guide;
The Sun's not riſen in their ſight,
And therefore 'tis that they deride
Thoſe who commend the Goſpel-Sun
Above the Light in ev'ry one

Degrees of Light I do perceive
Some of them weak, and others ſtrong;
That which is ſaving none receive
But thoſe who unto Chriſt belong:
Yet doth each Light ſerve for the end,
For which to man God did it ſend.

Divine Breathings.

A Hymn

LEt not the Sun Eclipſed be,
Nor any dark Cloud interpoſe
Between thy ſelf (dear Chriſt) and me,
Who art that bleſſed *Sharon's* Roſe:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since thou by choice haſt made me thine.
Always let me walk in the Light
Till Grace doth me with Glory crown;
Turn not my mourning into night,
Nor ever let my Sun go down:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since by dear purchaſe I am thine.
Let not thick Fogs, O Lord, ariſe
From the groſs Lump of inward Earth,
To th' hiding of the glorious Skies,
The thoughts of that's as bad as Death:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since by Adoption I am thine.

Lord

Lord, let my morning be more bright,
And my Sun ſhine to th' perfect day.
And let mine eyes have ſtronger ſight,
That I behold its glory may.
O let thy face upon me ſhine;
Since God by Gift has made me thine,

Lord ſhine and make my heart more ſoft,
And temper it, the ſeal to take;
Make it according as it ought,
Lord do it for thy own Names ſake.
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since by ſweet Contract I am thine.

The Light of thy dear Countenance,
It is the thing I only prize;
Let not therefore mine ignorance
Darken the light of my dim eyes:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since I by Faith am wholly thine..

O be my Strength, my Light, my Guide,
Always until I come to dy;
And from thy paths ne're let me ſlide,
But light me to Eternity:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
For I my ſelf to thee reſign.

There's many Lord, who daily cry,
Oh! who wil ſhew us any good?
'Tis in thy ſelf, Lord, it doth ly,
Although by few 'tis underſtood:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
For I by Conqueſt now am thine.

Lord,

Lord in the Light I thee enjoy,
And with thy Saints Communion have,
No Devil can that ſoul deſtroy,
Whom thou intendeſt for to ſave:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
For I can't ſay, Lord, thou art mine.
Let not the Sun only appear,
For to enlighten my dark heart;
But to poor Souls both far and near,
The ſelf-ſame Glory, Lord, impart:
O let thy face upon them ſhine
As it doth now, dear God, on mine.
Let Light and Glory ſo break forth,
And Darkneſs fly and quite be gone,
That all thy Saints upon the Earth
May in the Truth be joyn'd in one:
O let thy face ſo brightly ſhine,
As to diſcover who are thine.
Let Grace and Knowledge now abound,
And the bleſt Goſpel ſhine ſo clear,
That it *Romes* Harlot may confound,
And Popiſh darkneſs quite caſhier:
O let thy face on *Sion* ſhine,
But plague thoſe curſed Foes of thine.
Let *France*, dark *Spain*, and *Italy*,
Thy Light and Glory, Lord, behold;
To each adjacent Countrey
Do thou the Goſpel plain unfold:
O let thy face upon them ſhine.
That all theſe Nations may be thine.

Let

Let *Chriſtendom* new Chriſt'ned be,
And unto thee O let them turn,
And be Baptiz'd, O Chriſt, by thee
With th' Spirit of the Holy One:
O let thy face upon it ſhine,
That *Chriſtendom* may all be thine.
And carry on thy glorious Work
Victoriouſly in every Land;
Let *Tartars* and the mighty *Turk*
Subject themſelves to thy Command:
O let thy face upon them ſhine.
That thoſe blind People may be thine.
And let thy brightneſs alſo go,
To *Aſia* and to *Africa*;
Let *Egypt* and *Aſſyria* too
Submit unto thy bleſſed Law:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
That thoſe dark Regions may be thine.
Nay, precious God, let Light extend
To *China* and *Eaſt-India*;
To thee let all the People bend,
Who live in wild *America*:
O let thy bleſſed Goſpel ſhine,
That the blind Heathens may be thine.
Send forth thy Light like to the Morn
Moſt ſwiftly, Lord, O let it fly
From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*;
That all dark Nations may eſpy
Thy glorious face on them to ſhine,
And they in Chriſt for to be thine.

The Fulneſs of the *Gentiles*, Lord,
Bring in with ſpeed, O let them fear
Thy Name in Truth with one accord,
Live they far off, or live they near:
O let us thy face upon them ſhine,
And let know, Lord, who are thine,
And let alſo the glorious news
Of thy Salvation, yield relief
Unto the ſad diſtreſſed *Jews*,
Who hardned are in Unbelief:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
For *Abram*'s ſake, that Friend of thine.
O don't forget poor *Iſrael*,
But let thy Light and glorious Rayes
Cauſe their rare Beauty to excel,
Beyond what 'twas in former dayes:
O cauſe thy face ſweetly to ſhine,
That *Jews* and *Gentiles* may be thine.
O let all Kingdoms now with ſpeed,
And all the Nations under Heaven,
From all groſs Darkneſs quite be freed,
And Power to thy Saints be given:
That they in Glory, Lord, may ſhine,
According to that Word of thine.

AN

AN APPENDIX

Containing a Dialogue between an Old *Apoſtate*, and young *Profeſſor*.

Apoſtate.

HOw many ſtraights and croſſes have I met,
Since I my ſelf to ſeek for *Canaan* ſet!
Red Seas and Wilderneſſes lye between;
Why venture I for what I ne'r have ſeen?
Why can I not where I am now Remain?
Or to my old delights turn back again.
My head has been perplext with cares and fears,
Since to theſe Preachers I inclin'd mine ears.
They were but fancies that diſturb'd my mind,
I ſought for ſomething which I could not find.
Would God in *Egypt* I had ſtill remain'd,
For there's no *Canaan* likely to be gain'd,
Conſcience be ſilent, don't diſturb me more.
Upon ſuch things I will no longer pore,
For back to *Egypt* I will now retire
Where I ſhall have things to my hearts deſire.

Devil

Devil.

Purſue thy purpoſe, thou ſhalt underſtand,
What e're I have ſhall be at thy command:
My Kingdom's great, this world is wholly mine,
Bow down to me, and all ſhall then be thine.
Afraid I was I ſhould have loſt thee quite. (ſight
There's nought like that which here's now in thy
Behold the Bags of Gold which thou ſhalt have,
Honours on earth, riches and pleaſures brave,
When others forc't in Priſon are to lye;
Thou ſhalt enjoy thy precious liberty,
When Kings and Princes do upon them frown,
Thou ſhalt be held in honour and renown.
Thou haſt much goods laid up for many years,
And long ſhalt live free from all cares and fears.
Thy ſeed eſtabliſh'd too ſhall be on earth,
And thou ſhalt ſpend thy dayes in joy and mirth,
Thoughts of Religion utterly diſdain,
Nor think of God, or Jeſus Chriſt again,
Phanatick fables never more regard,
The pains of Hell, of which thou oft haſt heard,
Are nought ſave fictions of their crafty head;
With fear of nothing are they frightened,
That mad-men like, they do tread under feet
Thoſe lovely joyes which wiſemen find moſt ſweet.
Religion's nought but a deviſed thing,
Which up at firſt ſome crafty head did bring
To awe the minds of fools, who wanting wit,
Take that for Gold that's a meer counterfeit.

The

The truth of th' Sctipture thou haſt cauſe to doubt,
For divers places thou may'ſt ſoon find out
Which inconſiſtent to each other be,
Of what it ſpeaks there is no certainty.
Conclude in Truth there is no God at all,
Why ſhould'ſt thou be ſo fooliſh as to call
On him, whom thou did'ſt never ſee or know,
Unleſs its thus, becauſe that moſt do ſo?
Let Melancholy fancies now therefore
Ne're vex thy mind, nor grieve thee any more.
Enjoy thy ſelf on Earth, and heap up Gold,
No good like that which purſe and bags do hold.
Come eat and drink, to morrow thou muſt dye;
And afterwards there's no Eternity,
As ſome ſuppoſe, for thou i'th' grave ſhalt rot,
And as the Beaſt be utterly forgot:
But ſince you know it is reproach to them,
Who all Religion utterly contemn,
Thou may'ſt Religious alſo ſeem to be,
For there is one that's very fit for thee.
Melodious ſounds, ſweet mirth, and Muſick rare,
Do much affect the heart, and charm the ear.
No worſhip on the Earth doth ſuit ſo well
With fleſh or blood, or doth for eaſe excell,
Or with man's intereſt doth ſo well agree,
Like what's maintain'd in famous *Italy*.
That, that's the worſhip which for thee I pick,
I'me not againſt thy turning Catholick.
If there's a Heaven, of this thou need'ſt not doubt,
An eaſier way for thee I can't find out.

The

The way's so broad, whole Nations walk therein
And persons of all sorts, no let is sin.
Wer't thou at *Rome*, thou'ft hear melodious sound
Sweet joys and mirth on every side abounds:
Fine boys and men ravishing notes do sing
Whil'it Organs play in Consort, and Bells ring;
In that brave way thoul't have thy liberty
To do such things as others do deny.
Thou may'it be mad, carouse and domineer,
Strict *Roman Catholics* such things can bear; (curse
If thou dost swear, drink healths, yea, or should'i
There's few i'th' Church would like thee e're the
Or if thou should'st some curious *Lady* spy, (worse
Or view some pretty Maid with wanton eye,
To court or play with her thou need'st not fear,
For Venial sins alas all such things are;
And one great help and remedy thoul't have,
Which from all grief and danger will thee save;
If it fall out by chance at any time (crime
Thou should'it commit some great and hainous
There is straight-way the blessed Absolution,
A present help, and yet no superstition.
For a small sum of mony soon is had
A pardon for all sins, though ne'r so bad.
His Holiness for a few shillings can
Murder and Perjury forgive to man;
Nay unto thee can grant a Dispensation
To kill and murder any in a Nation
Who us and th' Holy Church hate and oppose;
Come trouble not thy self, but straight way close

With

With this fam'd *Church to whom such power's given*
To ope and shut with ease the Gates of Heaven.
And make that sin to day which ne'r was sin,
And that lawful, which lawful ne'r hath bin.
Come buy thee Beads and Crucifix also,
And as the Church believes, believe thou too.
For this I hope to see o're a few dayes,
Some thousands more cleaving to tho'e old wayes
And thou wilt not such an advantage gain,
As now thou may'st with ease I am sure obtain.
And since in kindness and affection dear,
I've shew'd thee how to be preferred here,
And do engage thy faithful friend to be;
There's some small thing I've have thee do for me;
Speak evil of the way thou late wast in;
Belye them all, and charge them too with sin.
Their faults lay ope, let nought at all be hid,
Revile, reproach, and slander in my stead:
Shew how they differ, that they can't agree,
There's little Love, and want of Charitie.
Of *Canaan*-Land raise thou an ill report,
To turn them back who are going for't
One thing at present I would have thee do,
There is a friend of mine which thou dost know.
Who hath a Son which is indeed his Heir.
That to these foolish Notions doth adhere,
If he should visit thee, with speed do thou
Treat with thee peevish youth, I'le teach the how
To controvert the cause my place supply,
And do what I could not do formerly.

His

His forward zeal will do my Kingdom wrong,
Cauſe others alſo in that way to throng.
And you ſhall alſo ſome deriſion bear
Through his hot zeal, if that you ha'nt a care.

Vicinus.

The thoughts, which Satan darts into his mind,
He cloſeth with, and fully is inclin'd
His Counſel for to take, what e're become
Of his poor Soul at the great day of doom,
An Atheiſt he's become in heart and life,
And hath abandon'd all his Chriſtian ſtrife.
He's ready now, and fit for any evil,
An inſtrument prepared for the Devil.
But ſince the Gentleman and he are met,
I will give way, and hearken how they treat
About this youth, that has of late begun,
Reſolvedly to Heaven for to run.
You'l hear how this Apoſtate will ingage,
To turn him from his bleſſed Pilgrimage.

Apoſtate.

What my old Friend E. R? Sir, I am glad
To ſee you once again, yet I am ſad,
And grieved ſore to ſee you look ſo ill;
What evil Sir, I pray, has you befel?
What is the cauſe of this your preſent grief?
If I can give or help you to relief,
Or comfort you i'th' leaſt; I willing am,
And ſhall rejoyce, alſo *I* hither came.

Gent.

Ah Sir, my Son, my Heir, doth grieve my mind,
He from whom I moſt comfort hop'd to find,
Contrariwiſe will prove a plague to me,
Unleſs he can with ſpeed recover'd be.
He'l be a Preacher I do think er'e long,
He's ſuch a Bookiſh fool, and ſo headſtrong,
That I have little hopes he'l e're be good;
Here's cauſe of grief if rightly underſtood.
He is become ſuch a vile Heretick,
That *Rome's* good *Church*, and the true *Catholick*
Moſt vilely, I perceive, he doth diſdain,
And doth, forſooth, tell me he's born again,
I do beſeech you, Sir, do what you can,
If you can't change his mind, there's not a man
I think, in truth, that ever prevail will;
O arm your ſelf therefore, and try your skill;
If you can turn him from theſe wayes, then I
Shall be ingag'd to you until I die.
You were deceiv'd your ſelf ſome time ago,
And therefore now more able are to ſhow
The vanity of theſe deviſed waies,
And Bookiſh fables of theſe ſilly daves,
Having the Scripture in our Mother-Tongue
Has been the ruine of us all along:
For, ſince men did our holy Church forſake,
And up new notions of Religion take,
Nought but confuſion in the World we ſee,
And otherwiſe, in truth, 'twill never be

En-

Until their Books i'th' fire all do burn,
And they unto the Ancient Church do turn.

Apostate.

I am good Sir, of that opinion too,
And sorry am to hear what now you do
Relate to me, and will also in truth
Do what I can to turn that silly youth;
For I can shew and make him understand
The danger that attendes on ev'ry hand.
The hopes of unseen things will him deceive,
And Faith's but a meer fancy I believe:
That's the cheif good which man doth here enjoy,
And that's the evil which doth him annoy,
Or doth deprive him of this joy and bliss,
None but Phanaticks will deny me this;
Who boast of that they never did possess;
They lye alas, and are (in truth) no less
Than frantick fools, for I could never see
Of what they speak, there's any certainty.
I will therefore endeavour out of love,
Your Son from these delusions to remove:
And since I do perceive he's neer at hand,
I'le take my leave,

Your Servant to Command.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

ATtend kind friend, read with a ſerious eye
And thou ſhalt a ſharp Conflict ſoon eſpy
Between a man quite void of godly fear,
And a dear youth moſt holy and ſincere.
The one affirms all godlineſs is vain,
The other counts it for the greateſt gain.
Mark thou the end of both, and thou ſhalt ſee
What's beſt to chuſe, Grace or Iniquity.

Apoſtate.

Well met, good Sir, from whence pray did you (come?

Profeſſor.

I am a ſtranger, and am trav'lling home.

Apoſtate.

Are you a ſtranger in this Countery?

Profeſſor.

Yea, as were all our Fathers formerly.

Apoſtate.

But from whence came ye? let's confer together.

Profeſſor.

From *Egypt* Sir, *Apoſt.* I am Trav'lling thither,

Apostate.

What is your business, Sir, that thus in pain
You strive against the wind with might and main?
E're further you do go, sit down, account,
See whether that you run for, will surmount
The labour great, and loss you will Sustain,
Before the Prize in Truth ye do obtain.
VVhat place is it to which you think to go,
That to advise you I may fully know.
For good instruction to you I'le afford,
When I this thing from you have plainly heard.

Professor.

I am for *Canaan* that most Holy Land,
I'le travel thither as God doth command;
VVhose worth and value I do know full well,
For Riches it doth far all things excell.
And though all things I lose e're I come there,
'Twill all my losses I am sure repair.
The worth of that therefore for which I run,
I did account before I first begun.

Apostate.

Know you of certain, the place is so rare?
You may mistake, for you were never there.

Pro-

Professor.

Ah Sir, of it I have a glorious sight,
VVhich doth my Soul transcendently delight,
Although in person there I ne'r have been,
Yet I most plain sweet *Canaan* oft have seen:
Besides, I lately spoke with a dear friend,
VVho did the other day from thence descend;
And unto me its glory he did show,
Its precious worth from him I came to know:
Some of its fruits also to me he gave,
VVhich makes me long till I possession have.

Apostate.

Is't not the fancy of thy crasy-head?
I have likewise of such a *Canaan* read;
It may be so, or so it may not be,
It ne'r seem'd real truly unto me.
VVho would for things which so uncertain are,
Such losses suffer, and such labour bear.
A bird i'th' hand's worth two i'th' bush, ye know,
This Zeal *(poor lad)* will work thy overthrow.

Professor.

You vainly talk, and live by sight and sense,
I walk by faith, which is the evidence
Of things not seen, here with an outward eye.
VVhat thou see'st not I clearly do espy.
'Tis not the fancy of a crasy brain,
For *Moses* that its glory he might gain,

All *Egypts* Treaſures quickly did forego,
Was that the way unto his overthrow?
No, no, dear Sir, he ſaw it was the way
To peace and honour in another day:
The glory real did his Soul behold,
To be ſo great, that never can be told.
If thou had'ſt drunk but of its glorious ſprings,
Thou would'ſt it prize above all earthly things.
If thou hadſt faſted but of *Canaans* hony,
Thou would'ſt eſteem it more then bags of mony.
Although I make, alas, a poor profeſſion,
Yet I have now ſomething in my poſſeſſion.
Lock'd up moſt ſafe in my refreſhed breſt,
More rare than Pearls within a golden Cheſt.
True peace of conſcience, that through grace I have
Which paſſeth all mens knowledg to conceive.
I would of it not be depriv'd again,
If that I might ten thouſand worlds obtain.

Apoſtate.

Tuſh, ſilly Fooll, kick Conſcience quite away,
Ne'r mind his motions, nor what he doth ſay.
I ſtifl'd him, and that a good while ſince,
And took revenge for his proud Inſolence.
His gaſping groans I no wayes did regard,
But let my heart againſt him grow ſo hard,
That I do judge I have his buſineſs done.
He's dead in truth, and to dark ſilence gone;
That now I can, without the leſt controul,
Have any pleaſures which delight my Soul.

Profeſ

Professor.

Ah Sir, go on, if that's the choice you make,
I never will such cursed Counsel take.
Who ever doth his Conscience so abuse,
Doth his dear Maker in like manner use.
And though in you poor Conscience now lies slain
th' Judgment day he will revive again,
And then against you his sad witness bear,
And in your face most ghastfully will stare.
You'l have the worst at last, I grieve to see
You hardned thus in your Iniquity.
Apost. My sorrow's gone, but thine alas will double,
Concerning me thy self do thou not trouble.
The storms and blust'ring winds are over-past:
And very safe I am arriv'd at last,
In that same Port where Princes do delight
For to repose and harbour day and night.
Toss'd I have been upon the boysterous Seas,
And 'till of late ne'r could find rest nor ease.
But now I'm safely landed, and with good
Shall satiated be, whil'st thou art tos'd i'th' flood.
Thou shalt poor youth with dreadful storms be hurl'd
Whilst I shall find a very quiet world.
All thy best dayes are gone, and plung'd thou'lt be
Into sad Gulses of wofull misery.
Unless thou dost recant, & stop thy course, (worse.
Thou'lt see things with thee will grow worse and
Those fools who do their nicer Conscience mind,
E're long they shall but little friendship find.

Youth.

Sir, Storms and Tempests do, I know, attend,
Those who resolve poor Conscience to befriend,
Paul's Portion 'twas, who from his very youth
Had kept good Conscience, and obey'd the truth.
He met with blustring winds, was toss'd about,
Yet did bear up for *Canaan* most devout,
'Till he at last the glorious Voyage made,
Getting the Crown which ne're away shall fade,
All those who sayl'd this way, have all along
Met with great opposition and much wrong
From Pyrats, Spoylers, and Usurpers, who
Contrived have the Righteous to undo.
This terrifies me not, because that I
Know 'tis the way to true Felicity.
The gold and precious things the Merchant gains,
Do quit his cost, and recompence his pains.
The Riches which he brings at his return,
Makes him great dangers often-times to run.
So hopes of joys, the which Cœlestial are,
Makes me no labour nor no cost to spare.
You are for present things, I further see;
You are for Earth, but Heaven is for me.
You are for pleasures, and for bags of Gold,
I am for that which *Moses* did behold.
You are for ease, whatever it doth cost,
And honours here, though Soul for it be lost.
Who makes the wisest choice, let him declare,
Let Death and Judgement shew who wise men are.

My

My purpoſe I'le purſue what e're I meet,
My portion's great, my peace no counterfeit.
Heaven is my Port, there's ſuch a place I'm ſure,
Nought ſhall entice me nor my ſoul allure
To looſe my hold, I'le keep firm in my ſtation.
Though in my way I meet with tribulation.
Yet I moſt ſafe ſhall there at laſt arrive,
No men nor Devils ever ſhall deprive,
My ſoul of that eternal dwelling place,
Such confidence I have obtain'd through grace.

Apoſtate.

If I ſhould grant things which ſo doubtful are,
That there's a Canaan *or a Heaven, where*
Sweet joyes abound beyond what's here below;
Yet hard it is for any man to know
The ready way unto that ſeeming place,
Conſider this, Oh 'tis a weighty caſe!
For there ſo many wayes and voices be,
How thou ſhouldſt find the right I do not ſee.
Thou art a ſtranger too, thou tolſt, be plain,
Come, come, young man, turn with me back again.

Youth.

Nothing (dear Sir) more certain is than this,
That there's a Heaven or eternal Bliſs.
The Heathens could by Natures light eſpy
Mans chiefeſt good or beſt Felicity

Muſt needs excel the high'ſt enjoyments here,
And ſhall this doubtfull unto thoſe appear (known
Who have Gods works moſt dreadfully made
Yea and his word which very few or none
Who live in any land the like have had;
Shall ſuch turn Atheiſts? this is very ſad.
Is not Jehovah every where made known
By fearful Judgments, which are daily ſhown?
And, why think you I can t the true way find,
Seeing Jeſus has in writing left his mind
In plain Characters, which whil'ſt I obſerve,
I from the truth am ſure no ways to ſwerve,
He came from thence himſelf the other day,
And gave directions how to find the way;
This writing's firm, 'tis ſigned with his blood,
That the old dragon, with his mighty flood
Of ſuperſtition, and perſecuting fire,
Could not it ſpoil nor gain his curſt deſire.
The holy Scripture God to us hath given,
To guide our ſouls in the right way to Heaven.
Though Satan has made oppoſition ſtrong,
Yet ſtill we have it in our mother-tongue.
And by this means, moſt plain I come to know,
The very foot ſteps where the flock did go.

Apoſtate.

Though you of ſcripture ſeem to make your boaſt,
Your hopes of this will ſuddenly be loſt.
For you much longer it an't like to have,
Your ſouls and others thus for to deceive.

For

For holy Church once more will quite deſtroy
This *Engliſh* God, which they ſeem to enjoy.
Thou art unlearn'd, the Scriptures doſt not know,
But wreſteſt them unto thy overthrow.

Youth.

They are unlearn'd, whom God has never taught,
But have in Popiſh darkneſs up been brought.
They are unlearn'd, who never had the Spirit,
Who think they can by Works ſalvation merit.
They are unlearn'd, who fooliſhly deny
The Spirits Teachings and Authority
For to excell all humane Arts and Science,
And on man's teaching wholly have reliance.
They are unlearn'd, or very poorly read,
That teach Chriſt Jeſus is a piece of Bread,
Which Rats and Mice may eat, and vomit up,
And do deny the Layety the Cup.
For thoſe for whom Chriſt did his Body break
He of the Cup did bid them all partake.
They are unlearn'd, who think that Purgatory,
Can be ought elſe than a meer fained Story.
They are unlearn'd, whoſe Doctrine doth declare
The Church two heads doth on its ſhoulders bear,
That woman which hath any Husbands more
Than only one, is a notorious Whore.
That man's unlearn'd, who learned never hath
The ABC of the true Chriſtian Faith.
That man I grant is wholly yet unlearn'd,
Who never knew himſelf, nor yet diſcern'd

The

The curſed nature of his hainous ſin,
Nor what eſtate by nature he is in.
That man's unlearn'd who never went to School,
To learn for Chriſt how to become a Fool.
That man's unlearn'd, yea, and a very Sot,
Who hath his ſoul and Jeſus Chriſt forgot,
And doth eſteem earths empty vanity,
Above that good which Saints in God eſpy.
I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how
To crucifie the fleſh, yea, and to bow
To Jeſus Chriſt, and for his precious ſake,
His yoke and burden willingly to take.
And follow him where ever he doth go,
And him alone determine for to know.
Who for my ſake upon the Croſs did dye,
Him I have learn'd alone to magnifie,
And to exalt him as he's Prieſt and King,
And as my Prophet too in every thing.
And this through grace I learned have of late,
To be content whatever be my ſtate.
Some things I muſt confeſs I ne'r could learn,
Nor any wayes perceive, ſee, or diſcern.
I never read of *Peters* tripple Crown,
Nor that he ever wore a Popiſh Gown.
I never learn'd that he did *Pope* become,
Or Rule o're Kings like to the Beaſt at *Rome*.
I never learn'd that he kept Concubins,
Or ever power had to pardon ſins.
I never learn'd he granted diſpenſations,
To poyſon *Kings*, or *Rulers* of thoſe *Nations*

Who

Who were prophane or turned Hereticks,
Or did refuſe the Faith of Catholicks.
I never learn'd he was the Churches head,
Or did forbid the Clergy for to wed.
I never read that he had Cheſts of Gold,
Or that great Benefits by him were ſold.
I never read he's call'd His Holineſs,
Yet had as much as any Pope I gueſs.
I never learn'd *Peter* did magnifie
Himſelf above all Gods, or God on high.
Or that upon the neck of Kings he trod,
Or ever he in Cloth of Gold was clad.
I never read that he made Laws to burn
Such as were hereticks, or would not turn
To Jeſus Chriſt, much leſs to murther thoſe,
Who did in Truth Idolatry oppoſe.
I never learn'd nor could unto this day,
That th' Pope and *Peter* walk'd both in one way:
Yea, or that they in any thing accord
Save only in denying of the Lord.
In that they alſo greatly differ do,
Of which I think to give a hint or two.
Peter deny'd him, yet did love him dear,
The Pope denies him, and doth hatred bear
To him, and to all thoſe that do him love,
Who bear his Image, and are from above.
Peter deny'd him, and did weep amain,
The Pope denies him with the great'ſt diſdain.
Peter deny'd him yet for him did die,
The Pope in malice him doth crucifie.

Peter

Peter deny'd him thrice, and then repented,
The Pope a thousand times, but ne'r relented.
Peter and *John* no mighty Scholars were,
Yet few for knowledge might with them compare.
Poor Fisher-men do find the way to Heaven,
When Scholars go astray, who Arts have seven.
The Learned Schoolmen put our Lord to Death,
And very few of such Christ called hath.
But poor despised persons he doth call,
And passeth by the high-flown Cardinal.
For humane learning, and such kind of Preaching,
Is nothing to the blessed Spirit's teaching.
I Learning like, and grant that men may use it.
Yet would I not have them for to abuse it.

Apostate.

Leave off these canting strains, and don't deride
Our holy Father, For I can't abide
To hear such prating Fools. Are you so wise?
Dare you the holy Mother Church despise?
'Tis that Religion I like best of all.
The Pope I do adore and Cardinal.
There's Pomp and Riches, and a worldly glory,
What you talk of, is an unpleasant story,
There's Pleasure, profit, safety and much ease,
Which doth the flesh as well as spirit please.
Here's Heaven and Earth, what can'st thou more
Or of thy God, or any man require? (desire,
Thy way th' hast lost, and *Canaan* wilt not see,
Therefore with speed turn back again with me.

Professor.

Profeſſor.

Could I no other reaſon give or urge
To prove *Romes* Church untrue, I can't but judge
This which you ſpeak, doth plainly it declare,
For in Chriſts Church no ſuch vain pomps appear;
No worldly glory doth Chriſts Church adorn,
For ſhe's afflicted, much deſpis'd and torn.
Her beauty can't with outward eyes be ſeen,
Her beauty and her glory are within.
When *John* ſets forth the Antichriſtian ſtate,
Much outward pomp 'tis true he doth relate.
The Whore is deck'd with Gold, brave Stones and Pearl,
Who at poor *Sion* doth with envy ſnarl.
No liberty to th' fleſh the Lord doth give.
Saints muſt alone after the Spirit live,
No ſerving God and Mammon, Sir 'tis plain,
To Hell you go except you're born again.
If you'l be Chriſts, with ſpeed then turn you muſt,
To crucifie the fleſh with all it's luſt,
No cauſe have I to fear to go aſtray,
Whilſt I walk daily in the narrow way.
All thoſe who do God's holy word contemn,
No light nor truth is there at all in them.
Their feet on the dark Mountains ſoon will fall,
And utter ruin will or'etake them all.
But as for me no cauſe have I to doubt,
But I ſhall find this bleſſed *Canaan* out.
To turn to *Egypt* with you back again,
The thoughts of it my ſoul doth much diſdain.

Do'ſt

Doſt think I'le leave my *Quails* and *Manna* rare
For ſtinking Garlick, and baſe Onyons there?

Apoſtate.

For all your courage, Sir, I do ſuppoſe,
You will repent that ever you have choſe,
To leave the comforts of a precious VVorld,
And with ſound zeal thus blindly to be hurl'd.
You are a man that might advanced be,
Unto great Honour, State, and Dignity.
Your Father's Maſter of a good Eſtate,
And you too are his Heir, I hear of late.
But if you don't this new Religion leave,
One groat of him you are not like to have.

Profeſſor.

This VVorld in a juſt balance oft I try,
And find it lighter far than vanity.
Riches alas! they are but bags of cares,
And honors nought ſave fool bewitching Snares.
Your outward joy will turned be to ſadneſs.
Your pleaſure into pain, your wiſdom's madneſs:
You catch at nothing, 'tis at beſt a bubble,
Which long you cannot keep although you double
Your diligence, and think to hold it faſt,
T'will fly with ſpeed, 'tis but an empty blaſt.
VVhat frantick fit is this? VVill you deſtroy
Your higher hopes for ſuch a fanci'd joy? (read,
This world's juſt like th' Strumpet of whom I've
VVho with ſweet ſumes int'ceth to her bed.

VVith

With amorous glances promiſes a Bliſs
And hides deſtruction with a fained Kiſs.
She has her tricks, and her enſnaring wiles,
But lodges death under deceitful ſmiles.
She hugs the Soul ſhe hates, yea, and doth prove,
A very *Judas* where ſhe fains to love.
Take heed therefore, leſt you be catch'd i'th' ſnare,
And buy your late repentance much too dear.
Theſe comforts here which you do precious call,
Each wiſe man ſees they're vain and flitting all.
To think I ſhould repent, no cauſe is there,
If things by you rightly conſid'red were.
What *Moſes* choſe of old, the ſame do I,
All vain allurements I do quite defie.
I knew when firſt my Journey I did take,
I muſt my Fathers houſe learn to forſake.
In *Abraham*'s ſteps I am reſolv'd to go,
VVhat ever I expoſed am unto.
VVhat e're I loſe, Chriſt will mak't up to me
VVhen I of *Canaan* ſhall poſſeſſed be.
I ſeek no honour here from any one,
True honour comes (dear Sir) from God alone.
To be an Heir unto a great Eſtate,
Or Son unto ſome earthly Potentate,
Is nought to what by grace I am born to.
My Portion's great, I know not how to ſhow
I'm Heir unto the mighty King of Heaven,
To me, e're long, ſweet *Canaan* will be given.
I do reſolve to hold out to the end,
Although I han't one groat nor earthly Friend

To

To favour me: I never will return
Until this glorious *Canaan* I have wone.

Apostate.

What ground have you (my friend) for to believe
If you forsake all things, you shall receive
This land you speak of, for your own possession?
Unto your heart 'tis good to put this question.
For divers do unto great things lay claim,
Yet some oftimes I see, and sure I am,
Unto such lands can no good title shew,
Although they strive for them as you may do.
If you should sell what e're you have for this,
And yet at last should also of it miss,
You'l see your self at length then quite undone.
Consider of't, and back with me return,
For no good title of it can be had,
'Twas this alas which once did make Me sad.
To save my own, I thought 'twas best for me,
Unless of this I could assured be.

Profession.

Don't think you shall my zeal for Heaven cool,
Nor my dear Soul with fancies thus besool.
Rouse up, my Soul, now in thy own defence,
And shew thy clear, thy precious evidence.
Can any thing be plainer here on earth,
'Twas purchas'd for me by Christ *Jesus*'s death.
The father doth this Kingdom own, and he
For his own child has late adopted me.

And

And if a child, I alſo am an heir,
And ſhall with Jeſus this like glory ſhare.

Apoſtate.

How do you know you be his Child? in this
You may miſtake, and ſo may *Canaan* miſs.

Profeſſor.

My late converſion doth moſt plainly prove,
My inward birth is truly from above.
The Truth and Conſcience both agree in one,
I am through Grace no Baſtard, but a Son.
Thoſe whom *God* doth by his own Spirit lead,
They are his Sons, you in the *Scripture* read.
Beſides all this, ſince I did firſt believe,
An earneſt of this Land I did receive.
And divers promiſes alſo there be,
Which bind it firmly over unto me.
Is not my title unto Heaven good,
When ſign'd and ſeal'd to me by Chriſt his blood?
You ſee by theſe I have a certain ground,
And good aſſurance for Gods Kingdom found.
But you, as it appears, do quite deſpair,
Without all hopes of ever coming there.

Apoſtate.

Nay ſtay a little, don't affirm that neither.
Why may not I as ſoon as you, come thither?
Though in that way, in which I late did walk,
I was deceiv'd with many other folk;

And thought that Heaven was entail'd to thoſe
Which did the Pope and Church of *Rome* oppoſe.
Thinking a man a ſeparate muſt be
From that ſame Church or elſe could never ſee,
Find, nor enjoy eternal peace and reſt;
And therefore I, like others, did proteſt
Againſt that Ancient Mother-Church whom now
I am reſolv'd to own, yea, and to bow
Down unto her, with all humble ſubjection,
Thinking 'tis beſt for ſafety and protection,
Reſolving never more to vex my mind
As I have done, for I ſhall ſooner find
In this ſmooth way, aſſurance for Salvation,
Than if I had kept in my former ſtation.
Hopes I may have, no certain ground I know
The Church affirms we can attain unto.
But promiſes moſt clear are made to thoſe
Who ſeek for the Old way, and with it cloſe:
And that *Rome*'s Church can plead antiquity,
No Proteſtant I'me ſure can it deny:
Yea, and muſt grant, whatever's their profeſſion,
That none ſave *Rome* can prove their true ſucceſſion
From thoſe brave Churches which firſt planted
By the Apoſtles, as their *Acts* declare. (were
And therefore Youth, you muſt no longer boaſt
Of Faith and Confidence, for you have loſt
Your way to Heaven; and muſt therefore look
Unto that Church which long has been forſook.
From the true Church to rend and ſchiſmatize,
Is a ſad thing, though many it deſpiſe.

For

For though Corruption in the Church there be,
Yet all should walk in uniformity.

Professor.

Sir, I deny your Churches constitution,
Which makes me loath you, and for your pollu-(tion,
Corruption, and vile spots, they are so bad,
No Church of Christ the like hath ever had;
Which I resolve fully to make appear
Before I'le leave you, if you're pleas'd to hear.

Apostate.

Rome's Church was rightly gather'd, that's most (clear,
Saint *Paul* himself to this doth witness bear.
Faith and Repentance truly did they own,
And were baptized in due form 'tis known;
No Church in constitution right has been,
If that our Church i'th least doth fail herein.

Professor.

Rome's Church I grant was true i'th Apostles days,
But yours from that doth differ many ways.
Romes Church was very famous heretofore,
But is become the Scarlet-colour'd Whore.
From the true Faith she hath departed quite,
And the true Church was forc'd to take her flight
Into the dark and howling Wilderness,
Where she lay hid in sore and great distress,

From the vile Beast, and Dragons furious rage,
And so remain'd untill this latter Age.
If *Romes* Church now were like unto the old,
Then with the Romanists we all would hold,
But when she is become Christs Enemy,
God out of Babylon doth bid us fly.
If you can prove *Romes* Church hath not declin'd,
From that Church State by *Paul* himself defin'd,
Then you will undertake for to do more
Than any Papist ever did before.
The *Jewish* Church God once did own and love,
But for their sins he did them quite remove
Out of his sight, they'r broken for their sin,
With other Churches which have famous bin.
And yet do keep some outward form and show
Of Worship and Church-State, as *Rome* may do.
Who has in Truth nought left save a bare name,
As hath been clearly prov'd by men of fame.
If you should bring your Visibility,
To prove your Church is true; I do reply,
A better argument I need not bring
To prove your falle, than that same very thing.
For the true Church was hid, did not appear
A thousand two hundred and sixty year.
And then whereas you in the second place
Mention Antiquity, 'tis a clear case,
Your Church is under age, yea much too young,
Out of th' Apostacy alas she sprung.
A Bastard Church, base born, mere National,
And therefore that's for you no proof at all.

The

The fleshly seed i'th' Church must not be brought,
John Baptist and our Saviour both so taught.
Christs Church is gather'd by Regeneration,
And not as 'twas i'th' former dispensation.
You in a lineal way do go about,
To take in those whom Jesus hath shut out.
The Ax is now laid to the root o'th' tree,
And every one true penitent must be,
And must obtain of God true saving grace,
Who in his holy Church would have a place.
Your Church is not so gather'd, therefore I
Deny your Church and its Antiquity;
That Church which is upheld by th' carnal sword,
And not by th' power of God's holy Word,
Is very false, And that *Romes* Church is so,
Not a few worthy Authors plainly show.
And whereas she much boasts of Holiness,
No people doubtless in the World have less;
For *Rome* like to a slinking common shore,
Receives what every one casts forth o'th door.
She's like a Cage of ev'ry hateful Bird,
As is recorded in Gods sacred Word.
The Counsel which an ancient Author gave,
Let ev'ry Soul with special care receive.
He that would holy live, from Rome *be packing,*
There's all things else, but Godliness is lacking.
She also doth Doctrines of Devils hold,
According as th' Apostle hath foretold.
In charging people to abstain from meat,
Which God alloweth us freely to eat.

And in denying persons for to wed,
Though God allow the undefiled bed.
By means of these most cursed prohibitions
Your Clergy stinks alive with gross pollutions.
And many of your filthy Popes of *Rome*
Have *Sodomites* and *Buggerers* become;
Whoredom and Incest they have minc'd so small,
As scarce to count them any sin at all.
Most cursed *Stews* allowed are by them, (damn.
Whom none i'th' *Popedom* dare i'th' least con-
Vile *Necromancers* many of them were,
Haters of God, no sin (in truth) is there,
But some o th' *Popes* of it have guilty been,
As may upon Record be clearly seen.
Is this your holy *Head* and reverend *Father*,
Next unto Christ supream? Is he not rather
A Devil incarnate? the worst of Mankind,
Who can in Hell a viler sinner find? (*Love*,
Is *Rome Christ's Church*, *Christ's Spouse*, his only
His undefiled one, and spotless Dove?
Sir, don't mistake, she is that *Scarlet Whore*,
Whom *John* characterized heretofore.
Which I shall full evince, and make appear,
If you with patience will but lend an ear.

Apostate.

I find you in reproaches free enough,
But shall expect you so too in your proof.
Those common Epithets of Beast and Whore,
Are daily flung at every bodies door,

But

But for to warrant your severer doom,
Prove that they properly belong to *Rome*.

Professor.

That truth Gods sacred word doth well explain;
That City which o're Kings of th' Earth did reign,
Was that same Whore, the Spirit clear doth show;
And that *Rome* was that City, all men know,
Who then above all others bore the sway,
'Twas *Rome* the Nations fear'd and did obey.
And still you Papists to her Bishops give
Headsh p o're all who on the Earth do live:
Before him Kings and Emperors must submit,
That so he may the mighty Monarch sit.
Whilst absolute pow'r he claim, and Sovereignty
Above all Princes, by his Tyranny.
From whence all persons may conclude it true,
By their first Mark the title is his due.
The second Character of *Babylon*,
Is *Pomp and State, wherein she proudly shone*.
That *Rome* has been a rich gay costly Whore,
England once found, I wish she may no more.
Infinite Sums almost she squeez'd from hence,
For Pardons Obits, Annates, *Peter-pence* (led,
And through each Land where she her triumphs
Whole swarms of Locusts, Priests and Friers were
These (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*) (spread.
Were faithful slaves still to promote her work.
Whilst to maintain those drones she swept away,
The fat and wealth of Nations for their prey.

In the third place, *she doth mens Souls enslave*,
This mark in *Rome* most evident we have.
With dangerous Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
Implicit Faith and thousand superstitions,
Pretended Miracles, Apparent Lies,
Damnable Errors and fond Fopperies,
She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
Boasts all her dictates are infallible:
And then (to fill her measure) i'th' last place,
'Tis said she would Gods precious *Sion* raze.
This can of none but *Rome* be understood,
That drunken whore, who reels in Martyrs blood;
As I more largely now shall make appear,
And then with patience your excuses hear.
Within the compass of six thousand years,
Has been presented to the Eyes and Ears
Of future Ages, the most sad contents
Of bloody Tragedies, the dire events
Of dreadful wars, in sev'ral Generations,
The overthrow of many fruitful Nations:
But all comes short of *Romes* most bloody bill,
Which doth the Earth with Sanguin volumes fill.
Jerusalem that City of renown,
Sack't by *Vespasian*, burnt and broken down;
It was indeed a dreadful desolation,
And so have Conquerors dealt with many a Nation
All Conqu'rors ever found a time to cease, (peace.
When once they'd conquered then they were at
They murder'd not, but such as would not yield,
To own them for their Lords: and in the field,
They

They slew them too with weapons in their hand,
For their defence, and always ready stand
To give Quarter to those that it demand.
But this vile Strumpets blood-bedabbled hands
Ends not a period, never countermands
Her cruel rage, her murders know no end.
She slaughters when she pity doth pretend:
Years terminate not her blood-thirsty acts,
She slays without examining their facts.
In times of peace her treacherous hands have shed,
Blood without measure: she hath murthered
By cursed Massacres, her Neighbours, when
They thought themselves the most secure of men.
One might fill volumes with her bloody story,
In which she still persists: Makes it her glory
T' invent strange torments to deprive the breath
Of Christians, by a tedious lingring death.
The brutish *Nero* first of Tyrant Kings,
From whose base root nine other Tyrants springs,
Whose most inhumane Acts, not to their glory,
Did leave the world a lamentable story;
And to their lasting and eternal shame,
Did purchase to themselves that hateful name
Of bloody Monsters in the shape of men,
Whose cruel acts deserve an Iron pen,
That might perpetuate to after-times,
These Heathens cruelty; record the crimes
For which those Christians willingly laid down,
Their earthly houses for a heavenly Crown.
Reflect a while Sir, and but cast your eye,
First on these Heathen Emperors cruelty. Then

Then view the bloody Papists, and compare
Their cruelties together, and as far
As *Egypts* Darkness did exceed our Night,
Or Midnight differs from the Morning-light,
So farr the Papist's cruelty does exceed
The worst of Heathen Tyrants, and indeed
The worst of Tyrants, since the world began,
Or since dissention fell 'twixt man and man.
If *Cyprian*'s and *Eusebius* words be true,
These persecuting Emp'rors yearly slew
Millions of Souls, shedding their guiltless blood,
Which ran like waters from a mighty flood.
So void their hearts were of all humane pity,
They spar'd no Age, nor Sex, nor Town, nor City.
The things wherein these Christians did offend,
Were only this, they did refuse to bend
Their Heaven-devoted knees, or fall before
Those Idol-Gods these Emp'rors did adore.
They did believe one God created all,
They did believe in Christ, and down did fall
Prostrate upon the Earth, and daily bring
Sacrifice only to that Heav'nly King.
Their Emperors Gods these Christians did deride,
This was the cause so many millions dy'd.
These Emperors thinking themselves engag'd
Their Idols to revenge grew more enrag'd,
To see the Christians boldly to despise
Their Gods, and honour Christ before their Eyes:
They did conclude the nature of th' offence
Deserv'd no less than Death for recompence.

Thus

Thus may we plainly ſee a reaſon why
Theſe Heathen Emp'rors us'd ſuch cruelty.
'Twas not becauſe they worſhipt not aright,
But worſhipt not at all, nay, did deſpight
Unto theſe Idols which they Gods did call,
Affirming that they were no Gods at all.
An act not to be born by fleſh and blood,
To have the Edicts of their Gods withſtood.
Yet in the midſt of all thoſe Tyrants rage,
Serious advice a little would aſſwage
Their helliſh fury, and for ſome time ceaſe,
And give the Chriſtians a breathing ſpace.
And when as thoſe ten Emperors ceas'd to be,
Then terminated all their cruelty. (wrath,
Three Hundred years accompliſht their fierce
And then the Heathens own'd the Chriſtian Faith.
And now their Emp'rors do as much adore
The God of Heaven and Earth, as they before
Had done their Idols; and zealous for the Church,
Give great donations, make their Biſhops rich.
And now proud *Rome*, ſince *Conſtantine* the great
Thou by degrees haſt taken up thy ſeat,
Puft up with riches, ſwoln with filthy pride,
From Gods pure Laws haſt quickly turn'd aſide.
And now ſuch Biſhops only doſt thou chuſe,
As God doth hate, and utterly refuſe;
Proud, ſenſual, and void of th' holy Spirit;
Such as the Lord hath ſaid ſhall not inherit
Eternal Glory; ſuch thy Biſhops be:
Who ſhould be fill'd with truth and purity.

Shining

Shining like lights before the Flock, that they
The better might discern the perfect way.
But now in stead of such as these, behold
They are presumpt'ous, proud, imperious, bold;
Changing the Worship that the Lord makes
And in its stead will introduce their own. (known,
Yea so presumptuous are they in their pride,
As to affirm God's holy Word's no guide
For men to walk by; the only rule that they
Do council men, may force them to obey,
Is their Traditions which th' affirm to be
Far more authentick then our Lords decree,
Within his holy Word he us hath given,
For a sure light to guide our steps to Heaven.
And now these Christians whose most tender heart
Dares not believe them, fearing to depart
From Gods directions which in his bless'd word
He hath so plainly left upon record:
These are the men this wicked Strumpet hath
So often made the objects of her wrath,
Making the Earth to drink the guiltless blood,
Of such as for Gods holy Word have stood.
Oh! Let the blood-drunk earth ne're cease to cry
Unto the Heaven-enthroned Majesty,
'Till God take vengeance as he did on *Cain*,
For all the righteous *Abels* she hath slain.
Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,
Yea, for believing that his sacred Word
Is the most perfect, and the truest guide,
The Rule by which all Doctrines should be try'd.

Our

Our bleſſed Lord bids ſearch them, for ſaith he,
They are the words that teſtifie of me.
Lo here's the cauſe, behold the reaſon why
The Whore has acted ſo much cruelty.
Inhumane Murthers doth this Whore invent,
Whereby ſhe dayly ſlays the innocent.
The numbers ſhe hath murder'd do ſurmount
The ſtricteſt of Arithmeticks account.
What Countrey hath not taſted of the Cup,
That her moſt bloody hands have filled up?
How hath ſhe ſtirr'd up Nations to engage
Againſt each other, to ſatisfie her rage?
Where Millions have been brought unto the duſt,
Only to ſatisfie this Strumpets luſt:
That ſhe the better might ingroſs the power
Of Hell into her hands, and ſo devour
At her blood thirſty pleaſure, ſuch as ſhe
Could not perſwade to love Idolatry.
Perfidious *France*, whoſe moſt inhumane wrath,
Paſſing the limits of a Chriſtian Faith.
Within the ſpace of eight and twenty days,
Thy bloody hands moſt treacherouſly betrays
Ten thouſand Souls, and to that bloody ſcore,
Adds quickly after twenty thouſand more.
How many murders more that Popiſh Nation
Have done, the *Roniſh* Hiſt'ries make relation;
And yet from cruelty *Rome* has not ceas'd,
But as her years, her murders have increas'd:
And ſwoln to bigger numbers in leſs ſpace,
As *Bellarmine* affirmeth to her face;

Who

Who thus atteſts, that from the morning light
Until the Sabel Curtains of the night
Were cloſely drawn, her bloody hands did ſlay
A hundred thouſand *Souls*; O! let that day
In Characters of blood recorded be,
That may remain unto Eternity.
O let the Earth that drinketh in the rain,
That did receive the blood of all the ſlain;
Let both the Heavens, and the Earth implore
The *God* of Heaven to confound the Whore.
O poor *Bohemia*, thou haſt had a taſte,
When wicked *Julian* laid thy Countrey waſte.
Burning thy Towns and Villages with fire,
Sparing not young, nor old, nor Son, nor Sire,
What multitudes unnumbred were thy ſlain,
Which in the field unburied did remain!
Thou found'ſt the wolviſh Popes in every age
Contrive thy ruin, many times engage
Thy Neighbour Nations to ſhed forth thy blood,
Only becauſe faithful *Bohemia* ſtood
For Gods pure Worſhip, *Martin* the ſixth excites
(Knights,
Emperours, Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls and
With one conſent to fall upon that Nation,
On no leſs terms, than on their own Salvation;
Promiſing alſo upon that condition,
To give a full and abſolute remiſſion
Unto the vileſt ſinner that e're ſtood
Upon the earth, that would but ſhed the blood

Though

Though but of one *Bohemian*; O rage!
Not to be parallel'd in any age;
Except that Monſter, who did ſore rebuke
The over charitable Popiſh Duke
Of *D' Alva*: and would you know his crime,
It was becauſe that he in ſix years time,
Through too much lenity caus'd not the earth
To drink more Chriſtian blood than iſſued forth
From eighteen thouſand Souls; for this the Duke
Was thought by Papiſts worthy of rebuke.
Is Eighteen thouſand in ſix years ſo few,
In the account of your blood-thirſty crew,
Inhumanely to murther? yea indeed:
Becauſe their former numbers did exceed.
But if the Duke of *Alva*'s bloody bill
Came ſhort in number, yet his hand did fill
It up with Torments, ſo dreadful to rehearſe,
As that the very thoughts thereof would pierce
A Marble-heart, make Infidels relent;
Torments that none but Devils could invent,
But if all this was over-little ſtill,
His Predeceſſors added to the bill.
For from the time that helliſh Inquiſition
Did from the Devil firſt receive Commiſſion,
As well approv'd Hiſtory doth relate,
Till thirty years expired had their date,
By cruel torments which they ſtill retain,
Was a hundred and fifty thouſand ſlain.
And yet before they took away their breath,
They for ſome time did make each day a death.

Depri-

Depriving them, as far as in them lay
Of all th' comfort that either night or day
Affords mankind; for them there was not found
So much Sun-light as to behold the ground
On which they ſtood: Each day that giveth light,
Was unto them like *Egypts* darkeſt Night.
In Helliſh darkneſs thus they made them ſpend
Their weary hours, and kindly in the end
Deſtroyed them: the Company they had
Within thoſe darkſome caverns, was their ſad
And melancholy thoughts, their ſighs and groans,
Their doleful Lodgings was upon the ſtones.
If noyſome creatures bred and foſtred there,
Theſe noyſom creatures their Companions were.
What food they eat, was only to ſecure
Their Souls alive, that ſo they might endure
The ſeveral torments that they did provide,
And ſo a hundred and fifty thouſand dy'd,
Beſide what dy'd by perſecuting hands,
Within the *Popes* Confines in ſeveral Lands.
Thus may I ſooner ſpend my ſtrength and tears,
And tire (if you regard) your eyes and ears,
Than give a full and abſolute relation,
Of all the acts of *Romes* abomination.
Oh! may my native Countrey rather hear
Their bloody Acts than in the leaſt part bear
Her burthen, or behold her murd'ring hand
Once more ſpread through the Confines of our land.
But I perceive theſe truths are dully heard,
And that you little my diſcourſe regard.

Apoſtate.

Apostate.

Yes, yes, I hear and smile, what *Tragedies*
You make of lawful just severities.
The Martyrs you applaud were Rebels too,
And still against Authority would goe.
If then they suffer'd, who (pray) is to blame?

Profession.

That I have shewn already to their shame.
And I would have my Countrey-men to take
Another taste, that may preserve awake
Their drowsie Souls, who take a dying nap,
Much like deluded *Sampson* on the lap
Of lustfull *Dalila*, whose treacherous breath
Sends forth the Messenger of *Sampsons* death:
Let not the Strumpets sugar'd words perswade
Thee to give credit t'her, that's been her trade
To promise fairest when she doth intend
To deal falsest, she doth betray her friend
Like wicked *Cain*, first of that sinful race
That slew his Brother smiling in his face.
From the first time that e're the hellish rage
Of Jesuits appeared on the stage
To act their parts in *England*, *France*, and *Spain*,
And *Italy* her bloody hands hath slain,
Nine hundred thousand souls or thereabout,
E're many years had run their hours out.
Of the *Americans* by *Popish Spain*,
In fifty years was fifteen Millions slain.

The poor religious *Waldenſes*, whoſe eye,
Like the quick-ſighted *Vultur*, did eſpy
Romes filthy whoredoms, and freely diſclaim
Her vile Idolatry, and hate the ſame; (Cup
Drunk dreadful draughts of *Romes* moſt bloody
Which ſhe with Hell-bred fury poured up.
And for no other cauſe, her bloody hands
She did ſtretch forth, with hell-inraged bands
Being ſent abroad, forthwith to put to death
Bothyoung and old,each man that draweth breath;
And yet, as if ſhe had not been content
To murder Parents with their Innocent
And harmleſs Babes, as if their helliſh-breath
Had now been ſpent with putting ſou's to death:
Fourſcore ſweet Babes that never did offend,
Famiſh'd to Death, their harmleſs lives did end.
Search, ſearch into the deep Abyſs of hell,
And ſee if all the Devils can parallel
So vile an act, O moſt imperious Treaſon
Againſt the King of Kings, and Law of Reaſon!
Are Papiſts Chriſtians, and are theſe their *Acts*
To puniſh ſuch as ne're committed *Facts*?
Are thoſe right actings, fitting Goſpel-times,
To lay on Babes the weight of higheſt Crimes?
Did Chriſt do thus, or hath he ever given
Them leave to deal ſo with the heirs of *Heaven*?
Thoſe murd'red Souls under the Altar lie,
Crying how long *Eternal Majeſty*,
How long wil't be e're thou avenge thy Saints,
And lend thine ear unto their ſad complaints?

Theſe

Theſe *Waldenſes* being overcome and dead,
A little remnant that eſcaped fled,
Taught by Dame Natures Moral Laws to ſave
Their much deſired lives, within a Cave
Did hide themſelves, hoping at laſt, that they
Taking advantage of another day,
When Golden *Titan* had laid down his head
Upon the pillows of his Weſtern-Bed,
And *Proſerpina* Lady of the Night
Had drawn her Sable Curtains, then they might
Tranſport themſelves into ſome other land,
And ſo eſcape out of the Hunters hand.
But as the *Hound* that hunts the wearied *Hart*,
Doth ply their ſteps, and never will depart
The Fields and Meadows, or the ſilent wood
Till they ſurprize the Beaſt: ev'n ſo theſe blood-
Devouring Monſters having found the Cave
Moſt barb'rouſly did make that place their grave,
Wherein four hundred yielding up their breath,
Were in a barb'rous manner choak'd to death.
No Nation in the world hath ever ſeen,
A Foe ſo dreadfull as the Whore hath been.
It is far better to be overcome
By *Turk* or *Heathen*, than by Chriſtian *Rome*.
What part of *Europe* now can make their boaſt,
And ſay they have not taſted to their coſt
Of *Romiſh* Mercy? Some are yet alive,
Whoſe Parents felt the Death ſhe did contrive.
O *Germany*! thy poor diſtreſs'd Eſtate
Will ſpeak to future Ages, and relate

Whole volumes of her bloody Murders, and
The murder'd Souls of bleeding *Ireland*
Cric night and day for Vengeance, and implore
Gods *Heaven*-enthroned Majesty e're more,
To put a period to her Hellish power,
That we may overtake her in an hour.
Those dreadfull Murders, have the eyes and ears
Of some now living, heard and seen the tears
Of soul-afflicted Parents, whose sad eyes
Beheld their murdred Babes, and heard their cries.
Their Daughters ravish'd; and when that was done,
Cruelly murdred; and the hopeful Son
By unheard Torments slain before their eyes,
Whilest they beheld their Childrens miseries:
Their Children murdred, and their Wives defil'd,
Whose Bodies they ript up being great with child.
And all this while Parents and Husbands were
Forc'd to behold what flesh and blood can't bear
The bare Relation: what *Adamant* heart
Melts not, when I these dreadful things impart?
Ripping up Child great-Women was not all,
For that although inhumane, was but small
Compar'd with other torments they indur'd,
Whose Patience bore what could not else be cur'd;
Tearing out Bowels, boyling men alive.
These deaths and worse those Monsters did contrive.
We see how they have dealt with every Nation;
And shall we think at last to find compassion?
The piteous cries of Parents ne're could move
Them to extend the smallest dram of love.

The

The tears that ran from dying Infants eyes,
Like plenteous ſhowers from the darkned skies:
Whoſe great abundance might have made a river,
Yet all theſe floods of brin ſh tears could never
Enter a Papiſts heart ſo hart condens'd,
So void of pity, and all humane ſence.
To hear the doleful ſhrieks, and dying groans
Of poor diſtreſſed Babes who make their moans,
To Soul-afflicted Parents e're they part,
Theſe are the things delight a Papiſts heart;
To ſee the dying gaſps before the death
Of tortured Souls, whoſe life-forſaken breath
Had waited, many a tedious hour paſt, (laſt.
When their tormented Souls ſhould breath their
Whoſe dolorous ſighings penetrate the skies,
Thoſe objects do delight a Papiſts eyes.
And can we now at laſt expect to find,
That *Rome*'s grown merciful, and Papiſts kind?
No, no, we cannot do't, if we but fix
Our ſerious thoughts upon late Sixty ſix:
When *London* was conſum'd, that Famous City,
Its Ruins do beſpeak them void of pity.
By *Rome*'s contrivance was fair *London* burn'd,
Englands Metropolis to aſhes turn'd.
Their Merchants of their riches qu te bereft,
To day rich men, to morrow nothing left.
Their Wives and Children harbourleſs became,
Their ſubſtance all conſumed in the Flame:
To day this Famous City's deck't in Gold,
To morrow an amazement to behold.

The doleful Shrieks, and lamentable Cries,
The floods of tears that ran from weeping eyes,
As true reſemblances, did repreſent
The Sorrows that our Neighbours underwent.
And can we think that Hell-begotten Rage,
That did provoke ſo many to engage
In ſuch an Act, far worſe than th' *Powder-treaſon*:
Can we ſuppoſe, if we conſu't with Reaſon,
The fury of their Helliſh Rage expir'd
So ſoon as e're that Famous place was fir'd?
No, no, Good Sir, your pardon, I preſume
Thoſe Hell-ingendred flames that did conſume
So fair a City in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
Hell gave thoſe flames Commiſſion down to raze
Not *London* onely, but every Soul that hath
A heart reſolved to maintain the Faith
Of Jeſus, Proteſtants both great and ſmall
Rome hath determin'd their eternal Fall.
And thoſe more formal Proteſtants, whoſe Zeal
May ſecretly perſwade them to conceal
Their ſeeming Faith, and feignedly to cloſe.
With *Romes* erroneous Doctrine, and ſuppoſe
Thereby to ſave their lives; let none believe
Such vain perſwaſions, many did deceive
Themſelves; for *Rome*, that Painted Whore,
Will deal with them as ſhe hath done before,
With ſuch as hoped in the ſelf ſame kind,
To meet with Mercy, but nought leſs did find.
Chriſt never gave unto his Church Commiſſion
For to make Laws for grievous Perſecution.

No

No outward force were they i'th' leaſt to uſe,
Much leſs poor Innocents for to abuſe,
By Burning, Starving Roaſting on a Spit,
And taunting'y to make a ſport of it.
The holy Saints and People of the Lord,
Their onely weapon was Gods ſacred Word.
With that bleſs'd ſword alwayes they overcome,
And did refute all Hereticks; but *Rome*
Makes uſe ('tis plain) o'th' Carnal Sword and Fire,
'Tis Blood, 'tis Blood this Locuſt doth deſire.
Death without Mercy, Acts of Cruelty,
The matter muſt decide continually:
The way they uſe to turn a Soul from error,
Is the moſt dreadful fleſh-amazing terror
Of horrid Racks, whereon a man muſt lie
Tortur'd to Death, dying, yet cannot dye.
Strange kinds of Inſtruments devis'd to tear
The fleſh from off the bones; theſe ſometimes were
Her friendly admonitions, to reclaim
Such whom ſhe doth for Hereticks deſame.
What Maſſacres hath ſhe contriv'd by Nigh,
When Nature doth to reſt each man invite!
(harms
When ſleep had clos'd their eyes, no thoughts of
Did them poſſeſs, but in their folded arms (they
Their Wives and Children lay, with hopes that
Through grace might live to ſee another day.
(Hell,
Then came theſe murdring Butchers, ſent from
Nothing but Blood would their vile rage repell;

Laying dear Babes and Mothers in their gore
'Till all were dead they ſcorned to give o're:
If theſe Church-dealings will not work contrition,
She can erect a curſed Inquiſition:
A dreadfull place of cruelty and blood,
Whoſe torments ſcarcely can be underſtood.
A loathſome Dungeon, and vile ſtinking Cell,
A place of Darkneſs, repreſenting Hell;
Where nothing is ſo plentiful as tears,
And bitter ſighs, and yet can find no ears
To hear their cryes and lamentable moans,
Nor hearts to pity them for all their groans,
Where many tedious days and nights they ſpend,
Not knowing when their ſufferings will have end.
If ſuch like arguments (Sir) will conſute
A Heretick, the Papiſt may diſpute
With all the world, nay Heathen *Rome* could never
Come nigh a Papiſt with their beſt endeavour:
They ſcorn all *Turks* or *Pagans* (for contrival
Of Barbarous Cruelties) ſhould be corrival;
For inhumanities they muſt defie
And ſcorn that Cannibals ſhould them come nigh.
A bloody Papiſt ſtrives to counterfeit
The Plagues of Hell, as far as man's conceit
Can reach unto, or Devils could invent;
This is a Papiſts knocking Argument.
Thus, thus is *Rome* drunk with the Martyrs blood,
Which has run down like to a mighty flood.
O! it is *Rome* that is that Scarlet whore,
Which thus doth hate and perſecute the poor.

And

And all which are unto Truth inclin'd,
To ſerve the Lord with a moſt perfect mind,
According to the tenor of his Word;
All ſuch ſhe ſtrives to put unto the Sword:
And ſuffers none to buy, nor ſell, nor live,
But ſuch as homage unto her would give.
Upon her head alſo Saint *John* did ſee
Was writ the curſed name of Blaſphemy:
Setting her ſelf on God's Imperial Throne:
Saying, I am, beſides me there is none.
I have the Keys of Heaven in my hand,
Both Earth and Hell is at my ſole command
I ſhut and open unto whom I pleaſe,
I torment give to ſome, to others caſe.
Lo, thus God's Sacred Word doth point her forth,
This, this is ſhe, there's none in all the Earth
That ever did adventure to lay claim
To that preſumptuous and blaſphemous Name,
As King of Heaven, Earth, and Hell, but ſhe, (be.
Therefore *Romes* Church muſt the vile Strumpet

Apoſtate.

Sir, ſpeak no more, forbear your ſland'rous lies,
The holy Church ſuch murd'rous acts defies:
Do not believe all Stories you do hear,
'Tis hard for you to make theſe things appear.

Pro-

Profeſſor.

Theſe things were not (Sir) in a corner done,
Beſides, I never yet have heard of one
That is for you, or ſtandeth on your ſide,
Who by juſt proof theſe things ever deny'd;
For they alas notoriouſly are known,
And many Papiſts alſo them do own:
Beſides, 'twas late ſome of theſe Cruelties,
Murder and Blood, and barb'rous Tragedies
Were done, and acted; ſome alive now be
Who with their eyes theſe villanies did ſee.
About the year (dear Sir) of Fifty five
A dreadful Maſſacre did *Rome* contrive
Near unto *France*, i'th' Dukedom of *Savoy*,
Where thirty thouſand ſouls ſhe did deſtroy,
Who were commanded without all delays
Papiſts to turn, and that within three days;
Who for refuſing, were then preſently
Put unto death with barb'rous Cruelty, (parts,
Some with ſharp ſpears thruſt through their privy
Whil'it others ſtabbed were unto their hearts.
Some Babes they cut in pieces, ſome they Roaſted,
And ſome upon the tops of ſpears they toſſed:
Virgins were Raviſhed, Widows and Wives,
All barbarouſly deprived of their lives:
Some were drove forth on bitter Ice and Snow,
And many knock'd o'th' head as they did go;
Thus were thoſe ſouls brought into miſery;
See it at large in *Morlands* Hiſtory.

Two

Two hundred thouſand Proteſtants or more
Were Maſſacred by this vile bloody Whore
In *Ireland*; there's many now alive
Who ſaw what kinds of deaths they did contrive,
By which ſome of their dear Relations then
Were tortured by thoſe moſt bloody men.
How can you, Sir, theſe things i'th' leaſt deny,
Which are ſo obvious unto ev'ry eye.

Apoſtate.

Youth, 'tis the Faith of Roman *Catholicks,*
Thus for to deal with all vile Hereticks.
Yet 'twas Rebellion too, ſay what you will,
For which the Church did many thouſands kill.
To Magiſtrates they diſobedient were,
And therefore they juſt puniſhment did bear.

Profeſſor.

Peter and *John* they Rebels were alſo,
By that ſame Argument which uſe you do.
To Magiſtrates they did refuſe to bend,
Wherein they knew they ſhould the Lord offend.
In Civil things they alwayes did ſubmit,
And preached alſo, 'twas a thing moſt fit,
In things which unto man do appertain;
But Chriſt o're Conſcience ought alone to reign.
Ev'n ſo thoſe Martyrs bare an upright mind
Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd
In all juſt things obedient for to be;
Yet did ſtand up for Chriſt his Sovereignty,

And

And were resolv'd in matters of their Faith,
To worship God as holy Scripture saith,
According to that light which he doth give,
Up unto which each Soul on Earth should live.
And though your Church doth put poor men to (death,
'Twas from the Dev'l such curst Laws came forth.
The tares with wheat should grow unto the end,
Till God is pleas'd the Reapers for to send.
That 'twas from Satan, I don't doubt i'th' least,
For he did give unto this bloody Beast
His Pow'r and Seat, and his Authority,
For to effect all cursed Villany.

Apostate.

They were some evil persons without doubt,
Who crept into the Church, that work'd about (ow,
Those Murderous deeds, the Church did not al-
But utterly against them doth Avow.

Professor.

The filthy Pope, and evil Cardinal,
With Bishops, Monks, and Fryers you so call,
With fiery Jesuists, for to be brief,
In all these murd'rous acts these were the chief.
Bulls, false Pardons, and cursed Dispensations
From bloody *Rome*, has Ruin'd many Nations.
You can't deceive, nor hoodwink the world more,
Times have discovered the Scarlet Whore.

We

We now know how clearly to bring our charge,
As I could ſhew, but that I can't inlarge.

Apoſtate.

I know not how further (Sir) to excuſe
The Holy Church, you put me in a muſe:
But ſhe's more kind and gentle grown of late,
And doth ſuch cruelties defie and hate.

Profeſſor.

Rome *to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,*
VVho whil'ſt againſt his will is quite debarr'd
From ſeeking of his Prey, being ty'd in chains,
Seems very peaceable, though he remains
A VVolf in Nature ſtill, if ever he
At any rate can get his Liberty,
Doth ſtraightway run impatient of delay,
And cannot reſt until he's got his prey.
So Rome *ſeems kind and gentle, until ſhe*
Can find again an opportunity
Which with unwearyed pains and often trial,
She ever ſeeks, and hardly takes denial.
VVhich if ſhe once obtains, ſhe will not ſtay
From ſhedding blood a minute of a day.

Apoſtate.

'Tis a vain thing with you for to contend,
And therefore I had rather make an end:
'Tis out of love I ſpeak, to have you leave
Your evil Errors, ſpeedily to cleave

Unto

Unto that Church who onely can decide
All Controverſies, even to divide
The truth from error, light from darkneſs, ſo
That every one the ready way may go.
But you ſeem ſo reſolved in your mind,
That little hopes, alas, of you I find.
But Youth conſider once again I pray,
The troubles of a now approaching day.
For ſore amazements will you overtake,
Unleſs you do your purpoſes forſake.
If once our Church the day obtains, be ſure
Then down you Hereticks muſt go for ever.
Let former ſtroaks of Juſtice take ſuch place,
As for to move you wiſely to embrace
That counſel which in tender love I give,
That you in ſafety evermore may live.
Or you I Repent that ever you begun
Theſe dang'rous wayes of Hereſie to run.
'Tis a dark doleſull dangerous path you go,
Recant therefore as many others do.

Profeſſor.

You may miſtake, ſometimes the waters flow,
Yet on a ſudden I obſerve them low.
A Haman *may maliciouſly deviſe*
Poor Mordecai *and others to ſurpriſe,*
Yet may his purpoſes meet with a blaſt,
And he himſelf be hanged too at laſt.
The fleſh with all its luſts to mortifie,
Is hard to thoſe that love Iniquity.

The

The way to Papiſts wholly is untrod,
And unto all who haters are of God,
The way ſeems dark to you, untrod, uneven,
Hard 'tis to th' fleſh, yet 'tis the way to Heaven;
'Tis dark to you, becauſe that you are blind,
And can't Gods purpoſe in dark foot-ſteps mind.
I've a ſure hand to lead my trampling paces,
To ſcape the danger of thoſe dang'rous ſpaces.
I ſhall paſs ſafe, by means of my beſt Guide,
Though thouſands fall by me on every ſide.
For to turn back will prove a doleful fault,
I think upon the Monument of Salt.
I am reſolv'd a thouſand deaths to dye,
Before I'le ever yield to Popery.

Apoſtate.

Thou art to ſtrict, too righteous, and preciſe,
(prize;
Thou ſlight'ſt ſuch things which prudent men do
Thou mayſt have Chriſt, pleaſure and honours too,
And ſaved be without half this ado.
There's very few alas are of your mind,
Who unto *Rome* are not at all inclin'd.

Profeſſor.

You now condemn me for my holy life,
Wherein 'tis true I met with ſtraits and ſtrife.
But when, dear Sir, you come at length to die,
You'l blame your ſelf, and me you'l juſtifie.

Did

Did ever any on a dying bed
Lament that they were by Gods Spirit led
To crucifie their ſins, and undertake
All things to leave for the Lord Jeſus ſake?
If Righteous ones, alas, ſcarce ſaved are,
It greatly doth behove me to take care
In holineſs to walk, what'ere you ſay,
I from the paths of life will never ſtray.
The way I know is rough, 'tis hard and ſtreight,
And leads me alſo through a *Thorny gate.*
Whoſe ſcratching Pricks are very ſharp and fell,
The way to *Heav'n* is by the Gates of *Hell.*
Your way 'tis true ſeems very ſmooth and wide,
Since you from Chriſt have lately turn'd aſide.
My paths ſeem long, yours ſhort and very fair,
Free from all Rubs and Snares, yet Sir beware,
The ſafeſt path is not alwaies moſt even
The way to *Hell's* like to a ſeeming *Heaven.*
Shall proud Fleſh wantons for a moments pleaſure,
Expoſe themſelves to ſhame, and loſs of treaſure?
They'l ſpend their ſtrength, their gold, and their E-
Amongſt their ſenſual dame-helliſh-mates. (ſtates,
Shall curſed Pleaſures thus be priz'd, and muſt
The joyes above be cheaper than a luſt?
Th' ambitious Gallant, for to hoyſt his Name
Upon the wings of Honour and of Fame,
How will he venture on the point of Spears,
And face the mouths of Cannons! nought he fears:
With courage ſtout how will he fight i'th Flood,
When Britiſh Seas are mixt with human blood!

Shall

Shall wretched man be at the Devils will,
And dangers run his luſt for to fulfil?
And ſhall not I, when God commands me forth,
Ingage for him with all my might on earth?
Or ſhall the promis'd Crown of endleſs life,
Be judg'd a trifle, and not worth a ſtrife?
That which vain man accounts to be moſt rare,
Is not obtain'd but with much coſt and care,
Things of great worth on Earth are got by pains,
And he who venturs nothing, nothing gains.
And ſhall I then be ſtartled with a frown,
When full aſſur'd of an Eternal Crown?
The ſtrife which doth an holy life attend,
Will recompenſed be I'm ſure i'th end.
I will go on, ſince Jeſus doth invite me,
His ſtrength is mine, and nothing ſhall affright me,

Apoſtate.

I do perceive you are reſolv'd to run
In your ſtrict ways until you're quite undone,
Yet hear a little what I have to ſpeak,
And you will find 'tis beſt for you to take
The Counſel which I give; for you'l eſpy
Great Ruin fall upon you ſuddenly.
Your father will not own you for his Son,
If in this fooliſh ſtrictneſs you'l go on;
His Face expect hereafter not to ſee,
If this your purpoſe and your pleaſure be.

Professor.

If Father, Mother, and dear Brethren too
Forsake me quite, yet still I well do know
My precious Saviour will my Soul embrace,
And I shall see sweet smiles from his dear face.
Myself and my Relations all (though dear)
I do deny, such is the love I bear
To my dear Lord, whose Servant now am I,
And do resolve to be until I die.
Come Life, come Death, for Canaan *I'le endeavour,*
It is my home, and resting place for ever.
Better it is that earthly Friends abuse me,
Than that Christ Jesus should at last refuse me.
I'de rather bear my Fathers wrath and ire,
Than to be cast into Eternal Fire.

Apostate.

Fie, fie, Young-man, forbear, and take a dvice,
Let not hot zeal thy fancy thus intice,
For to refuse those pleasant things which you
May here enjoy, as many others doe:
'Tis much too soon for thee to mind such things,
For nought but grief and dotage from it springs;
'Twill dull thy wit, and make thee like a droan,
And thou'lt be slighted too by ev'ry one.
How might'st thou live at ease, and pleasure have
If once these waies thou would'st resolve to leave
And like a Flower flourish in the Spring,
And with young Gallants might'st rejoyce and sing

And spend thy days in pleasure sweet and rare:
I prithee youth consider, O take care
To chear thy heart; behold now in thy sight,
What earthly joys most sweetly do invite.

Professor.

Young it is true I am, and in my prime,
Therefore resolve for to improve my time:
The flower of my days do'st think I will
Give to the Devil, lust for to fulfill?
Shall *Satan* have the primest of my dayes,
And put off Christ with base and vile delays
Until old age, and then at last present
The dregs of time to him? I'le not consent
To such vile thoughts, I will not lend an ear,
I to my Saviour more affection bear.
Since first of th' living Spring my soul did drink
All sinful pleasures in my Nose do stink.
More precious Joy I find in my dear Lord,
Than all this world doth, yea, or can afford.
If I am slighted for Christ Jesus sake,
And judg'd a Fool or Droan, yet I can take
All for him, who for me hath undergone
More shame than this before his work was done.
This is my choosing time, I have made choice,
Gods Word I will obey, and hear his voice.
Gods Counsel 'tis, that first of all in Youth
I should him seek, and cleave unto the Truth.
Your Counsel I abhor; shall lustful fire
Be kindled in my Brest? shall my desire

Run out again to *Egypt*'s curſed ſtuff,
I know 'tis naught, of it I have enough.

Apoſtate.

Alas, the Journey's long, you'l wearied be,
And faint before that Kingdom you do ſee.

Profeſſor.

Nay Sir, be ſilent, that is falſe, for I
By Faith moſt clearly do the Land eſpie.
But is the Journey long? blame me no more,
Betimes i'th' morning I ſet out therefore.
Why didſt thou ſay it was too ſoon for me
For to ſet out? If long the Journey be,
I do reſolve in youth with ſpeed to ſtrive,
Leſt I too late at laſt ſhould there arrive.
While ſtrength and youth do laſt I'le bend my mind
To travel hard, becauſe I clearly find
Old Age and weary Limbs quite out of caſe
To go a Journey, or to run a Race.
Alas when night is ready to come in,
That's not a time this Journey to begin,
When Sun and Moon and Stars all darkned be,
And clouds return, that we no light can ſee:
When rain and tempeſts do moſt ſore appear,
And th' Keepers of the houſe all trembling are:
When the ſtrong men themſelves are forc'd to bow,
And grinders ceaſe alſo, becauſe that now
They are but few, and ready to fall out,
And thoſe through windows which do look about,

Are

Are become dim, nay darkned, without light,
And doors too in the ſtreet are ſhut up quite.
When the low ſound o'th' grinder's ſcarcely heard,
He riſeth up too at the voice o'th' Bird:
And all the Daughters of ſweet Muſick rare,
Are brought too low, don't for ſuch Muſick care;
And fears increaſe in thoughts of what's on high,
Fears in the way, and fears for what is nigh.
When flouriſh ſhall the Almond-Tree alſo,
And th' Graſhopper ſhall be a burden too.
When looſed is the precious ſilver Cord,
And Golden Bole is broken, as we have heard:
When the weak Pitcher at the Fountain's broke,
And th' wheel at th' Ciſtern with a heavy ſtroke:
When deſire fails, and there alas is none,
What will ſuch do who han't this Race begun?
Beſides 'tis clear, my dayes uncertain be,
Old Age alas I may not live to ſee.
Young men are quickly gone, for I behold
Daily as young as I are turn'd to th' Mould,
My own experience doth diſcover this,
My life a bubble and a Vapour is.
The flower which doth ſpread, and is ſo gay,
Soon may it fade and wither quite away.
If I therefore have ſtill much work to do,
Or as you ſay ſo long away to go;
It doth concern me then, with all my power
For to improve each day, yea every hour:

For dayes to come I ſee may not be mine,
My time I'le ſpend, not as thou ſpendeſt thine;
My weights I'le caſt away this race to run,
Stand ſtill I muſt not, nor with thee return:
I muſt provide me Oyl, get Grace in ſtore,
For o're a while I ſhall be ſeen no more
This ſide the Grave; I haſte therefore to meet
The glorious Judge at the great Judgment-ſeat.
I muſt make haſte, be ſwift like to the Sun,
Leſt that my work's to do when time is done.

Apoſtate.

To you, young man, I have declared much
Of the ſad danger, but your Zeal is ſuch,
Nought that I ſay with you takes any place,
You don't believe me, that's the very caſe.
But what's the reaſon, youth, ſo many folk
Decline thoſe paths in which you now do walk?
Were wayes of your ſtrict Holineſs ſo ſweet,
They in this ſort would never back retreat;
I did reſolve with others for to try,
And find you all deceived utterly.
Your whole Religion's nought but meer conceit,
Let none therefore thy ſoul with fancies cheat.
Since wiſe men daily do your wayes forſake,
Be thou adviſ'd, and other counſel take.

Profeſſor.

If thouſands fall away, it is no more
Than what the Scripture ſhews was heretofore.

Tho

Thouſands of old from *Egypt* did adventure,
And yet but two of them did *Canaan* enter:
They never had of Chriſt a ſaving taſte,
VVho quite away their ſeeming hopes do caſt:
Their hearts alas are rotten and unſound
Who in Chriſt Jeſus never ſweetneſs found.
But what of this? Shall I my Lord deny
Becauſe that you ſome Hypocrites eſpy?
Thoſe who do murmur in the Wilderneſs,
The Land of Promiſe never ſhall poſſeſs.
But if they will the precious Lord Revoke,
Shall I from thence reſolve to ſlip the Yoke?
Becauſe ſo many walk i'th way to Hell,
Shall *Caleb* think the Land he can't receive?
Becauſe ſo many walk i'th' way to Hell,
Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excell
The vain enjoyments of an evil world?
Or ſhall with fancies thus my ſoul be hurl'd?
To think, becauſe that Swine the grains do chuſe,
And Pearls do tread upon, and them refuſe,
There is more worth in thoſe baſe ſtinking grains
Than in thoſe true Pearls which the Merchant gains?
Becauſe theſe ſilly men have loſt their way,
Shall I on purpoſe therefore go aſtray?
Becauſe that *Judas* did for thirty pence
Sell his dear Lord, ſhall I conclude from thence
Peter a fool, who priz'd his favour ſo,
That for his ſake all things he'd undergo?
If fearful Souldiers baſely quit the field,
Shall valiant Champions therefore ſtraitway yield.

Moſt cowardly unto their treacherous foe,
Whom they aſſured were to overthrow.
If Mariners unskill'd in Navigation
Are ſplit on Rocks, ſhall all then in the Nation
That have that curious Art, reſolve therefore
Never to uſe the Art of Sailing more?
Becauſe the Sluggard ſees the winds do blow,
The Rain deſcending with cold hail and ſnow,
He doth give o're, and ſays no longer will
Remain i'th' field his barren Land to till:
Shall faithful Husband-men from the like ground,
Who have oft-times by good experience found,
Without they ſow, no harveſt they can have,
Reſolve the painful labours quite to leave?
He that wont Plow becauſe o'th' ſnow or rain,
Shall beg at Harveſt, and ſhall nought obtain:
So in like ſort, to mind my preſent caſe,
'Cauſe perſons void of God's true ſaving Grace
Do 'poſtatize as you your ſelf have done,
Muſt I to th' Devil with you headlong run?
'Cauſe ſome Profeſſors ſecretly do love
Some baſe corruptions, doth this therefore prove,
There's none ſincere for God in all the Earth,
Whoſe ſouls exper'ence do the ſecond birth?
I for my part through Grace have this to ſay,
I never ſhall, nor can I fall away:
All thoſe whom God has unto Jeſus given,
They never can be diſpoſſeſs'd of Heaven;
The Promiſe of Eternal Life is theirs,
And they like *Iſaac*, even ſo are heirs,

Who

Who could not miſs, nor diſpoſſeſſed be,
Unleſs God's Word's made a meer Nullity,
God's Covenant alſo with Chriſt doth ſtand,
Who can ſupply our wants on ev'ry hand:
Sin ſhall not Reign ſuch is our happy caſe,
We are not under th' *Law*, but under *Grace*.
This Covenant is not like to the Old,
We of a ſurer perſon now have hold.
We ſtand not now as *Adam* did, 'tis plain,
God never will truſt that Old man again.
Our credit's nothing worth, our Surety
Is in our room, our wants he muſt ſupply.
Beſides all this I'le hint another thing,
Which to my ſoul doth much refreſhment bring:
He that's the Author of my Faith, I ſpy,
VVill finiſh it himſelf aſſuredly.
He that in me has a good work begun,
VVill perfect it alſo e're he has done.
Within God's Saints Eternal Life doth dwell;
This would remove the doubt, conſidered well:
Thoſe unto whom Eternal Life is given,
How can it be that ſuch ſhould miſs of Heaven?
And now to 'breviate 'tis my intent,
Sir, if you pleaſe, to frame one argument.
If the New Creature in the ſouls of men
Is of God's Spirit born, I argue then,
The ſame in nature it be ſure muſt be,
VVhich cannot death, or like mutation ſee;
But that 'tis of God's Spirit born, is clear,
As *John* the Third doth make moſt plain appear.

The

The ſeed alſo doth in their ſouls remain,
They cannot ſin to death who're born again;
God's Fear moreover is ſo in their heart,
That they from him ſhall never more depart.
Thus is my ſtanding very firm and ſure,
And to the end I know I ſhall endure:
And as for thoſe who fall away and dye,
I ſhall diſcover clearly by and by
What kind of men and women they are all,
Which will hold forth the cauſe too of their fall.

Apoſtate.

Moſt confident I do perceive you are,
Daunted at nothing, yet pray let me hear
Thoſe perſons Names which you did laſtly meet,
Who finally reſolve for to retreat,
And leave thoſe paths which you ſeem to commend;
Come, ſpeak to this, and we will make an end.

Profeſſor.

Sir, unto me it doth moſt plain appear
As if they Cowards and faint-hearted were;
Under their tongues alſo cloſe ſecretly,
Some pleaſant morſels I am ſure do lye:
And in them all doth reign ſome curſed evil,
Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

Apoſtate.

As you ſuppoſe, but pray, youth, have a care,
For they ſincere and ſober people are.

And

And I do queſtion whether yea or nay
Thou do'ſt them know, what further haſt to ſay?

Profeſſor.

I told you, Sir, I knew them very well,
And ſince you urge me, I reſolve to tell
What kind of folk they are, and alſo ſhall
Their Names diſcover unto great and ſmall;
Maſter *Fearful* was one that I did ſee,
With him was goodly *Senſuality.*
With Dame *Miſbelief*, and Goodman *Outſide*,
Who turn'd from Chriſt as ſoon as they were try'd:
One *Unbelief*, a very wicked man;
Turn him out of his way, there's no man can:
Beſides them alſo, there's one *Earthly heart*,
Who loves nothing ſo well as Plow and Cart:
Alſo there's *Eſau Faint-heart*, moſt profane,
That ſells his Birth-right, Pottage to obtain;
With *Belly-god*, a man that I do find
Fleſh-pots and Onions chiefly he doth mind.
There's Miſtreſs *Diſcontent* too with the reſt,
Who would have nought but what ſhe liketh beſt.
Maſter *Hot-love ſoon cold* alſo was there,
Lately for zeal with him few could compare;
There's *Iſhmael Legal-heart*, in truth alſo,
When troubles riſe, he ſtrait away doth go
With Maſter *Balaam*, who doth Jeſus leave
The wages of Unrighteouſneſs to have:
Some people alſo I have lately met,
Who were with ſin moſt eaſily beſet;

And

And divers heavy weights alſo they bore,
VVhich wearied them, and made them to give o're.
A Gentleman I alſo did behold,
VVhoſe trade was great, and ſtore he had of gold,
He's going back with ſorrow I do know,
Becauſe he can't have Chriſt and the world too.
One Maſter *Atheiſt*, that I think's his name
As like your ſelf as if he were the ſame;
He's fallen back ſo far, and turn'd aſide,
That at Religion he doth much deride:
He thinks Religion's but a fooliſh thing,
VVhich doth no comfort, nor no profit bring.
This is too true, you alſo are the man,
To clear your ſelf, deny it if you can;
No marvel 'tis you play the Devils part,
In labouring thus for to deceive my heart,
And blind mine eyes, if that thou kneweſt how;
Thou'dſt make me like thy ſelf, and therefore now
I am reſolv'd with thee for to ingage,
VVho ſtriv'ſt to ſtop me in my Pilgrimage:
A foe more vile than you, what ſoul can meet?
I'le therefore bring you down unto my feet.
Some ſtones I think to fetch out of God's Book,
Though like *Goliah* you do ſeem to look,
Yet in his Name, whom you ſo much defie,
I ſhall prevail againſt you by and by.
I thought I muſt confeſs ſome years ago,
I ſhould not in the leaſt been ſtopt by you;
Or that I ſhould have met with oppoſition
VVith ſuch a foe to adde to my affliction.

But

But ſince this is my ſad unhappy fate,
I'le add a line or two to vindicate
The Dreadful God, ſo far as lies in me,
I'le vindicate that Glorious Deity;
Who in my ſoul his Image ſo has ſet,
That I his Glorious Being can't forget.
Shall he which form'd both Heaven and the Earth,
From whom I have my precious life and birth,
Be trod upon, nay, utterly deny'd?
What ſoul can ſuch a ſinful wretch abide?
VVho ſtrives at once, if that you could it do,
The life of all Religion to o'erthrow.
Haſt thou got ought to ſpeak, and wilt thou enter
On the debate? yea, durſt thou to adventure
To o'pe thy mouth i'th' leaſt for to defend
Thoſe thoughts of thine, which clearly do aſcend
From hell beneath? thou'lt prove thy ſelf thereby
The Devil's Friend, *Jehovah's* Enemy.

Apoſtate.

Thou childiſh Lad, do'ſt think I am afraid
For to declare my ſelf, or am diſmay'd
By ſilly dreams and fancies, which affright
Thoſe ſimple ones who dare not walk i'th night:
VVho ſtartle at the ſhadow which they ſee,
And think the Devil's near, when 'tis a tree?
And ſince I do perceive you underſtand
What my opinion is, I do demand
How you can prove, and fully make appear
There is a God; for none at all I fear.

No

No God nor Devil I at all believe,
Nor is there any Heaven to receive
The souls of Holy Men when they do die:
Nor is their any Hell of Misery
For Sinners after death, as you conceit;
All is nought else save a Religious Cheat.

Professor.

Dare you your Maker thus with impudence
Deny and tread upon? Such insolence
What Soul can bear! what Age can shew the like,
Where so much light hath been! shall Mortals
At the great God, and glorious Deity? (strike
Whose dreadful Being and Existency
The Heathens did find out, and greatly fear;
His Godhead did to them most plain appear
By the Creation, Man, as in a glass
May there behold who his Creator was.
'Tis time to arm my self and look about,
When by an Atheist I am challeng'd out:
When th' whole of all Religion lies at stake,
'Tis time to rouse, and also for to shake
Off sloath and idleness, and to ingage
With such a foe in this my pilgrimage.
If once I should unto an Atheist yield,
And treach'rously also acquit the Field;
The strongest hold of truth betray should I
Into the hands of its worst enemy:
And should unman my self of Christian too,
And my dear Soul of reason overthrow.

I should

I ſhould debaſe my ſelf, ſhould I deny
My Noble Birth from the great Deity.
Man's chiefeſt glory ſprings from's Supream Head,
In his deſcent from him, who made and bred
And brought him forth, and doth his life maintain,
From hence man doth his greateſt honour gain.
'Tis power Divine that man doth greaten thus,
As to make him King of the Univerſe.
Whoe're diſowns his bleſſed Pedigree,
Doth prove himſelf unnat'ral for to be.
For man to ſay he came by hap or chance,
As 'tis a piece of wilful Ignorance,
Himſelf alſo he doth depoſe thereby,
From his own honour and rare dignity;
And vile contempt upon himſelf doth bring,
As well as dirt upon that Eſſence fling
Who form'd his Soul, and gave to him his breath,
And made him Ruler here upon the Earth.
But to proceed, and lend my helping hand;
In the defence of Sacred Truth to ſtand,
And vindicate my great Creators cauſe,
By Natures light, and alſo by thoſe Laws
Which ſupernat'ral are, and moſt Divine,
Whoſe light excells, yea, and whoſe glories ſhine.
You ask me how I can make it appear,
There is a God, Attend, and now give ear,
And weigh my arguments and reaſons ſound,
And let not Satan more your ſoul confound,
And Reaſon quite deſtroy as he hath done,
Leſt to the Devil you do headlong run.

Apoſtate.

Apostate.

Before you do proceed, this you must know,
If you a God do think to prove or show,
Be sure of this, young man, it must not be
By *Scripture-proof*, for its Authority
I do deny, and cannot it believe,
You never shall that way my heart deceive:
The knowledge which you supernatural call,
Is a meer cheat, I mind it not all.

Professor.

Though supernatural knowledge you despise,
And count Gods holy Word to be but lies;
I briefly shall stand up in its defence,
And shew your pride and cursed Insolence.
That all may love Gods word, prize it, and see
Its worth and weight, and its Authority
To be Divine, and by *Jehovah* given
To lead poor Souls in the right way to Heaven:
One thing of you i'th first place I demand,
Pray let me know, and fully understand
When this supposed Cheat did first commence
And in what part o'th' world, bring evidence.
Egypt stands mute, saith it commenc'd not here,
Nor did the *Jews* invent it that's as clear.
Ask all the Heathens too in every age,
If their Philosophers brought't on the Stage.
If you can find it out, pray bring't to light,
Or else confess your darkness worse than night.

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange that ſuch a univerſal cheat
Should thus be put upon the world, and yet
No one can ſhew who did the ſame deviſe,
Nor how, nor when the ſame at firſt did riſe:
Since all the world ſtands ſilent, and is mute,
This might a period put to the Diſpute.
But ſecondly, I argue once again,
There's none of them who do ſo much diſdain
The Holy Scriptures, who juſt proof could bring
To ſhew i'th' leaſt they were a forged thing:
If none can them diſprove, O then ſay I,
What ground have you the Scripture to deny?
The Scriptures alſo, I obſerve have been
Strangely preſerved by a pow'r unſeen:
In every age, kept both in word and ſence
From ſecret fraud, and open violence,
Againſt the num'rous Armies of all thoſe
That were both ſecret, yea, and open foes,
No wicked or malicious men could ever
Subvert the Scripture, though they did endeavour:
The beaſtly Clergy of the Church of *Rome*,
Thorow whoſe hands, to us the Scripture comes;
Though guilty of moſt vile abomination
As ever was committed in Nation.
Their curſed ſins are hateful to relate,
Which they committed, and did tolerate,
And that they might more freely do the ſame,
And ſo be kept from ſad reproach and ſhame.
They ſay the Pope himſelf may change the Laws
Of th' Holy Goſpel, as himſelf ſees Cauſe;

And make the ſence of Scriptures to agree
With time and place, as he moſt fit doth ſee.
How free thoſe Sacrilegious Monſters were,
(Had God admitted) to extinguiſh'd clear
The Sacred Scripture, and put out their light,
And fill'd the world with an eternal night.
But we may ſee although it made it's way
Thorough thoſe muddy Channels, yet have they
Been ſtill kept pure, and ſtill remain a Law
To keep moſt men ſave Bloody Popes in awe.
Now if againſt ſo many Enemies,
Who us'd all means that Devils could deviſe
To obliterate that Soul-informing word,
It was preſerv'd, and not by humane ſword.
How dare you Sir preſume for to deny
Its bleſſed and Divine Authority?
Another ground or reaſon I ſhall urge,
Which proves Gods word Divine as I do judge.
'Tis taken from that influence they have
Upon their hearts whom God intends to ſave;
It turns them from thoſe curſed wayes of ſin,
Which once they loved and delighted in.
It brings them out of darkneſs into light,
Yea, and diſcovers Jeſus to their ſight,
Filling their ſouls with inward life and peace,
And precious joy, the which ſhall never ceaſe.
The glorious power which God did afford
Always to thoſe who ſtood up for his word
Moſt clearly ſhews, Methinks, to every eye
The Scripture's true, and their Authority

To be Divine, what ever you may ſay,
I cannot give this Argument away.
How have they been ſupported in the flames?
Which as it did perpetuate their Names,
So God thereby did ſtir up ten for one,
To ſtand up for his Word when they were gone.
Ah! how did they rejoyce Sir in the fire,
Which made their very enemies admire.
Would thou one inſtance have, I could give two,
And ten times twenty more if that would do.
But if I ſhould, I am ſure I ſhould tranſgreſs,
And over-charge th' Appendix and the Preſs.
And therefore I will add one reaſon more
To prove Gods Word Divine, and ſo give o're.
How has the Scripture made the Atheiſt quake,
And all his limbs with dreadful horror ſhake!
When on a death-bed they have come to lie,
Their Conſcience waking in their face did fly,
Though in their health they did it much deſpiſe,
And did affirm it was made up with lies.
Yet has it made them howl at laſt and cry,
We are undone to all Eternity.
'Twas like unto the writing on the wall,
Which did foretell profane *Belſhazzer's* fall;
Which was ſo terrible, yea, and ſo ſtrange,
It wrought amongſt them a moſt ſudden change.
Their Mirth and Jollity doth now expire,
And the proud King doth earneſtly deſire,
To hear it read, nought then would ſerve the turn
But an Interpreter: his heart did burn.

His trembling Knees ſmote one againſt another,
As if his Joynts were looſed from each other.
Thus thoſe that won't confeſs *Jehova*'s Name,
Are forc'd to own him to their utter ſhame.
And thoſe who will not of Gods Word allow,
Are forc'd by Conſcience under it to bow. (o're
Theſe being weigh'd may make you quite give
Yea, and Gods Word thus to oppoſe no more,
Now if the Scripture cannot be gain-ſaid,
Methinks each Soul ſhould be exceeding fraid
How they contemn that glorious Deity,
Whom they ſo clearly ſhew and magnifie.
But to leave this a little and deſcend
To mans own reaſon which you ſo commend.
How many Heathens did alone thereby,
Find out (dear Sir) Gods glorious Majeſty.
If you your Reaſon did but exerciſe,
From Atheiſm doubtleſs you ſoon might riſe,
And hate alſo this Soul-deſtroying evil,
Thus ſiding with and yielding to the Devil.

Apoſtate.

Amongſt the Heathens (youth) were men of fame
Who for their skill in Nature had the name
Above all others, which did quite deny
There was a God or ſuch a Deity.

Profeſſor.

Your *Epicurus*, and old *Ariſtotle*,
With *Theodorus*, *Bion*, and the Rabble,

And

And ſuch like Atheiſts I muſt grant to you
Deny'd there was a God as Stories ſhew,
Philoſophy is good, but men abuſe it,
When they, like thoſe old Heathen Authors uſe it.
God doth ſomtimes mens reaſons darken quite
For not improving of the means of light.
To vile affections up God doth them give,
Becauſe on earth, like Brutes they ſeem to live.
But though theſe natural Sots could not eſpy
By all their skill th'eternal Deity.
Yet many thouſand Heathens I might ſhow
By Natures light alone did come to know
There was a God, they ſearched ſo about
Into Gods works, they found his God-head out.
For when they gave themſelves up ſeriouſly
To ſtudy Natures Book, and come to pry
Into the cauſe of all things here on earth,
And their effects, did clearly ſee the birth
Or firſt Original of every thing,
From ſuch an Eſſence to deſcend or ſpring.
The very Novices in Natures School,
May ſoon convince that man to be a Fool,
Who by the Creatures glory can't diſcern
The being of that dreadfull Soveraign
Who did them form and make, for every where
His glorious God-head they to all declare,
Had I but time, I could ſome pages fill,
To ſhew to you how that mans reaſon will
Teach him there is a God, for if he mind
The nature of his Soul, this he might find,

Man's

Man's ſoul is like a ſpring or like to fire,
It reſteth not a loft, it doth aſpire,
And unto *Noah*'s Dove, I'le it compare,
God is the Ark, ſouls reſt alone is there,
The fleſh dams up the ſpring, quenches deſire,
Keeps out of th' Arke to which it would retire:
Since I perceive mans ſoul doth ſearch about
To find ſome higher good and being out;
Which doth excel all things which are below,
This doth to us Gods glorious being ſhew.
But to conclude this, no man can diſown,
God by his judgments daily is made known.
What ſad examples daily do we hear
Of Wrath and Vengeance almoſt every where?
Some drunkards & blaſphemers ſtruck down dead
And others with ſtrange Judgments tortured?
Some have preſum'd the Holy God to dare,
Whom he would not one little minute ſpare,
If this will not convince you of your error,
I fear you will e're long fall under terror;
For if you will not now example take,
God may of you a ſad example make.
Your ſtate alaſs, above all men is ſad,
Becauſe of God you once ſuch knowledge had,
And of his ways, which now you loath and hate;
O Sir, conſider this your woful ſtate;
And cry to God if peradventure He
May give you Grace, whereby your ſoul may ſee
Your hainous ſin, that ſo you may repent,
And turn to God before your daies are ſpent.

Apo-

Apoſtate.

I muſt confeſs I know not what to ſay,
If there's a God, then curſed be the day
That ever I was born, for I do know
He never unto me will mercy ſhew:
I now reſolve to open my condition,
Though all's in vain; for there is no contrition
Will do me good, I utterly am loſt;
For I have ſinn'd againſt the Holy Ghoſt:
I wilfully have ſinn'd, and there remains
Nothing for me but everlaſting pains.
O that there were no God! for then ſhould I
Be like the Beaſt when e're I come to dye.
For love o'th' World and for my preſent eaſe
I am become like to the troubled Seas.
No reſt nor comfort ever ſhall I find,
Curs'd be the day that ever I declin'd (go
From theſe good waies in which dear youth you
Or ever I did God or Jeſus know:
For if I had not known them, it is clear
My ſin would not ſo hainous now appear:
My Conſcience doth prick me to the heart,
I never ſhall be eaſed of this ſmart.
O that I were in Hell! for then ſhould I
Soon ſee the worſt of my extreamity.
Thou ſhalt, dear youth, for ever happy be,
For thou art choſen from Eternity,
To be an heir of the Eternal Bliſs,
But I alas am damn'd! what woe like this?

The Devil with his gliſt'ring golden ball
Hath me deceiv'd, and now I ſee my fall
To be ſo bad, no tongue can it expreſs;
My woful pain is quite remedileſs.
The checks of Conſcience I did greatly ſlight,
And loved darkneſs greatly, hated light:
Yea, and of good I never lov'd to hear,
Though I of him had hints oft-times moſt clear;
And now will he my ſoul to pieces tear,
And make me his Eternal Vengeance bear.
Let all backſliders of me warning take
Before they fall into the *Stygian Lake*;
Yea, and return and make with God their peace
Before the dayes of Grace and Mercy ceaſe;
For mine are paſt for ever, oh! condole
My ſad eſtate, and miſerable ſoul.
My dayes will quickly end, and I muſt lie
Broyling in flames to all Eternity.

FINIS.

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The Stationers Armes and Anchor.

Robert Ford his Book

Robert Ford his

Jonata Ford his wife